

**64**

PAGES  
OF  
THRILLS!

No. 8

JANUARY, 1939

# ACTION COMICS

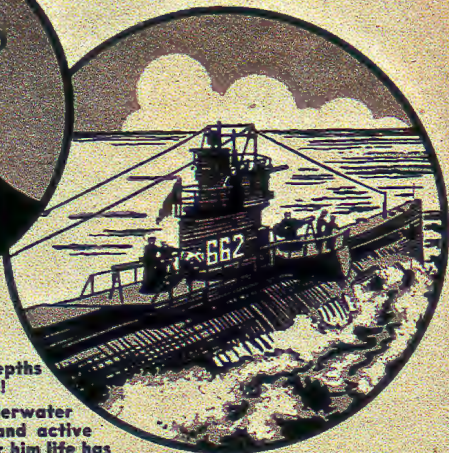
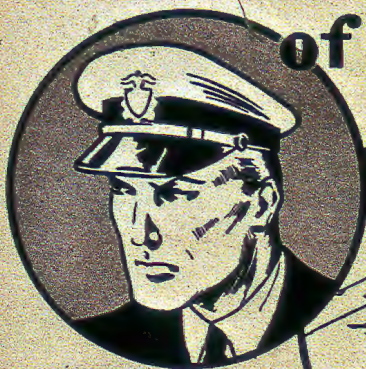
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# SUPERMAN

by  
JEROME  
SIEGEL  
and JOE  
SHUSTER.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



1

## A SESSION OF JUVENILE-COURT

FRANKIE MARELLO... YOU ARE CHARGED WITH ASSAULT AND BATTERY. WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY IN YOUR DEFENSE?

NOT 'IN--'CEPT IF HE HAD HANDED OVER HIS DOUGH WIT' OUT SQUAWKIN'! I WOULDN'TA HIT 'IM SO HARD.



YOU SPEAK LIKE A HARDENED CRIMINAL. IN THAT CASE, I HAVE NO COURSE BUT TO --

WAIT! WAIT, YOUR HONOR!



3

OF COURSE HE TALKS TOUGH--WHAT'S MORE HE IS TOUGH, YOUR HONOR--BUT HE'S ONLY LIKE ALL THE OTHER BOYS IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD... HARD, RESENTFUL, UNDERPRIVILEGED. HE'S MY ONLY SON, SIR. HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GOOD BOY EXCEPT FOR HIS ENVIRONMENT. HE STILL MIGHT BE--IF YOU'LL BE MERCIFUL!



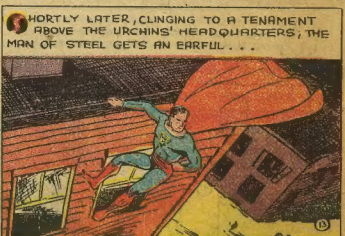
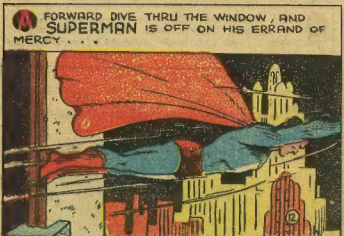
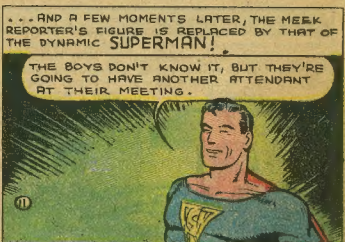
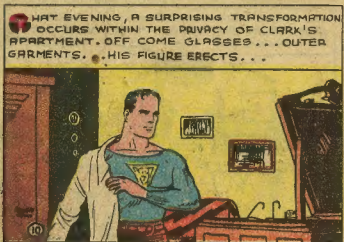
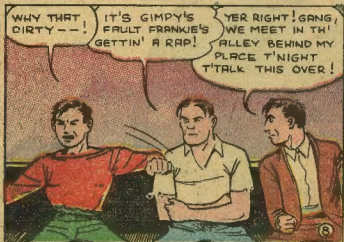
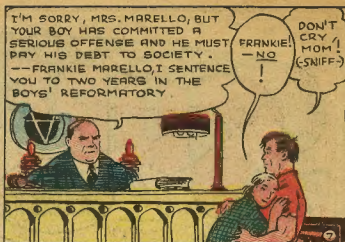
4

AMONG THE SPECTATORS IN THE COURT-ROOM IS CLARK KENT, ACE NEWSPAPER REPORTER... HE LISTENS INTENTLY, COMPLETELY ENGROSSED...

THE MOTHER'S RIGHT! BUT IF I KNOW THE COURT OF LAW... HER PLEA HASN'T A CHANCE!



5



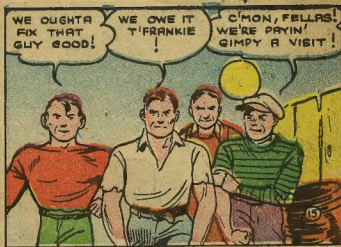




I TELL YA—  
GIMPY CROSSED  
US UP!

TH' RAT! HE TOLD  
US IF WE'D SELL  
HIM STOLEN STUFF  
HE'D PERTECK US IF  
WE EVER GOT CAUGHT

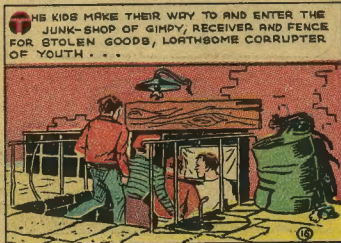
BUT DID HE DO  
ANYTHING T'HELP  
FRANKIE WHEN OUR  
PAL GOT NABBED?  
BY TH' BULLS?  
NO, NOT GIMPY!  
NOT A PEED  
OUTA HIM



WE OUGHTA  
FIX THAT  
GUY GOOD!

WE OWE IT  
T'FRANKIE

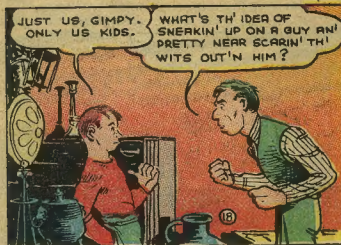
C'MON, FELLAS!  
WE'RE PAYIN'  
GIMPY A VISIT!



THE KIDS MAKE THEIR WAY TO AND ENTER THE  
JUNK-SHOP OF GIMPY, RECEIVER AND FENCE  
FOR STOLEN GOODS, LOATHSOME CORRUPTER  
OF YOUTH . . .



NOT BAD FER A WEEK'S  
"TAKE"! SOON I'LL BE ABLE  
T'— WHO'S THERE?



JUST US, GIMPY.  
ONLY US KIDS.

WHAT'S TH' IDEA OF  
SNEAKIN' UP ON A GUY AN'  
PRETTY NEAR SCARIN' TH'  
WITS OUT'N HIM?



LOTTA MONEY YA  
GOT THERE, GIMPY.  
—HOW COME Y'DIDN'T  
SPEND SOME OF IT  
ON A LAWYER FER  
FRANKIE?

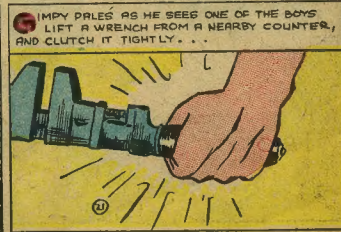
NEVER MIND  
THAT MONEY.  
IT'S MINE.  
FORGET YOU  
SAW IT.

YA PROMISED US  
YA'D HELP US  
IF WE'D EVER  
GOT TANGLED  
WITH TH' COPS!  
YA PROMISED US,  
GIMPY!

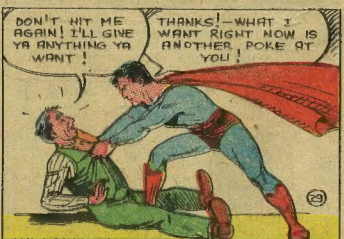
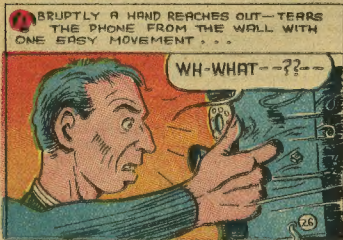
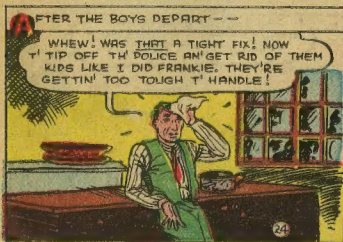


SURE, I PROMISED YA!  
BUT COULD I HELP IT IF  
BUSINESS GOT SO BAD  
I COULDN'T—

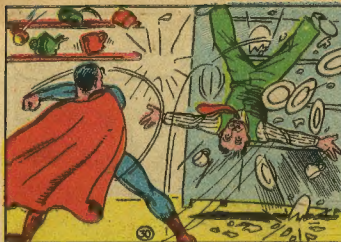
WE WANT MONEY, GIMPY,  
PLENTY OF IT. ARE YA  
GONNA GIVE IT T'US,  
OR— . . .

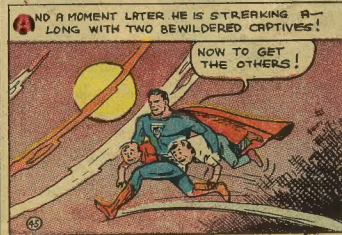
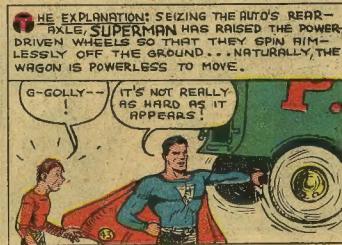
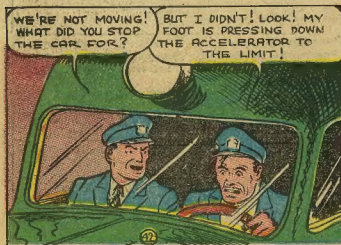
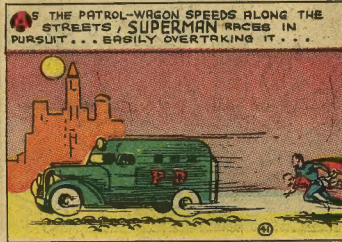


GIMPY PALES AS HE SEES ONE OF THE BOYS  
LIFT A WRENCH FROM A NEARBY COUNTER,  
AND CLUTCH IT TIGHTLY. . .

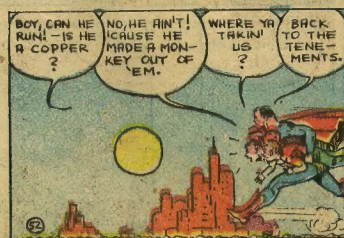
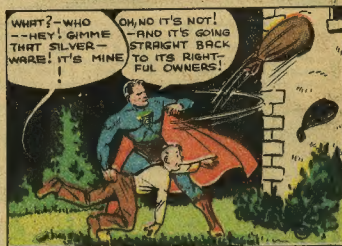
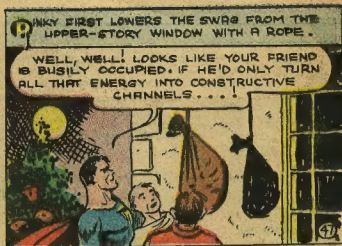


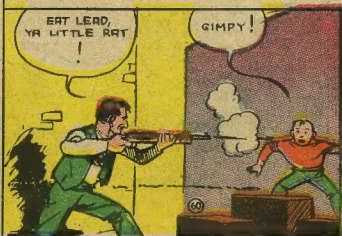
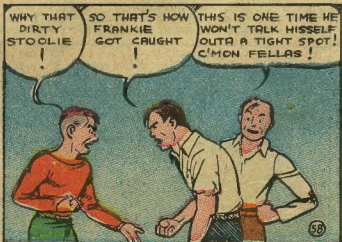
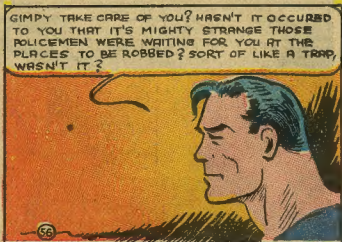
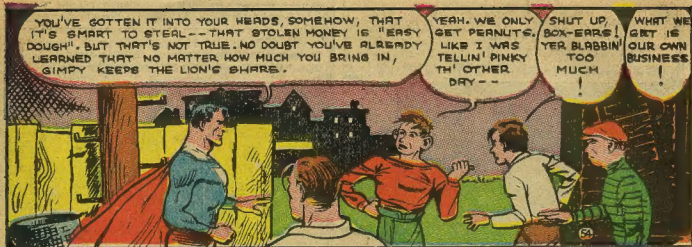




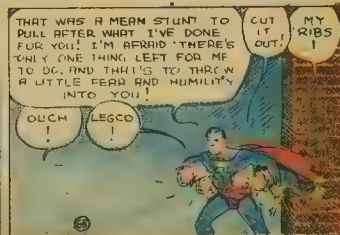
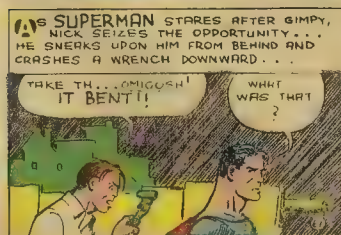
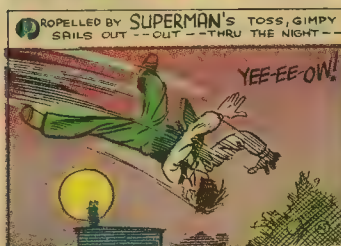
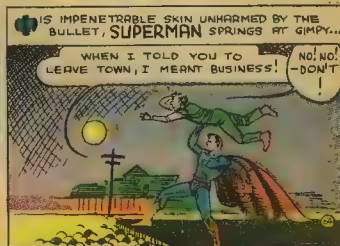
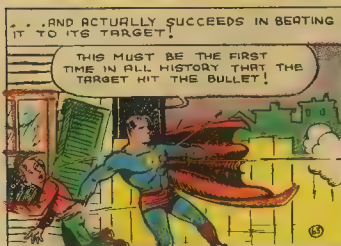
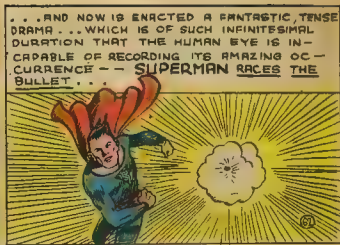
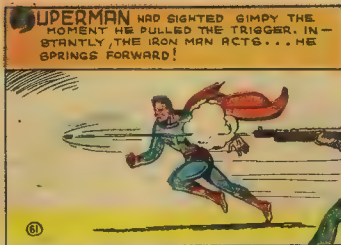












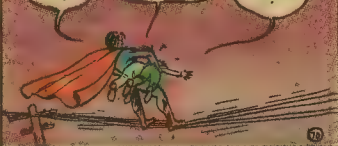
UPWARD SPRINGS SUPERMAN, TOWARD THE TELEPHONE WIRES OVERHEAD...

THIS IS RATHER DRASTIC... BUT THE ONLY WAY TO PUT FEAR INTO YOU KIDS! HEY! WHAT TH!-

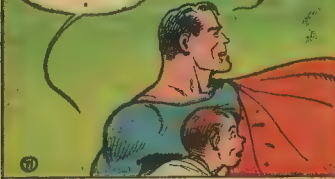


TRIKING THE WIRES, HE TEE-TERS DANGEROUSLY BACK AND FORTH, APPARENTLY SEEKING TO GAIN HIS BALANCE...

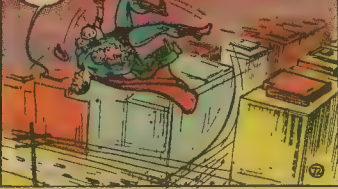
WHOOOPS! HEY! WATCHOUT! WANTA KILL US?



YR DOPE!- MEBBE TH' WIRE WON'T HOLD UR WEIGHT! YOU THINK SO?



I'LL FIND OUT!



SUPERMAN MAKES A COMPLETE BACKWARD FLIP... AND LANDS SAFELY AGAIN ON THE STRAINING WIRE!

IT WORKED! HA-ALP! HE'S NUTS!! NO! WE'RE NUTS! -SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS JUST COULDN'T HAPPEN! BUT IT IS!



FORWARD STREAKS SUPERMAN ALONG THE TELEPHONE WIRE... HIS ABILITY TO RETAIN BALANCE IS MIRACULOUS...

ONE THING YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT: THERE'S NO HEAVY TRAFFIC UP HERE!



ABRUPTLY HE LEAPS OUT -- AND DOWN --

DID YOU EVER WONDER, BOYS, HOW IT WOULD FEEL TO FALL FROM A GREAT DISTANCE AND BE CRUSHED TO A PULP? M-MY G-G-GOSH HE DID IT!

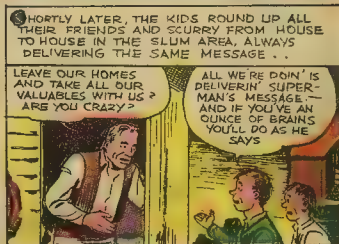
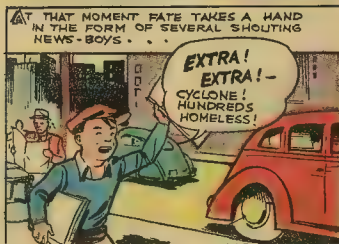
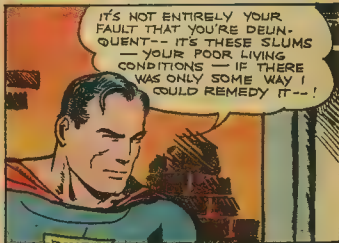
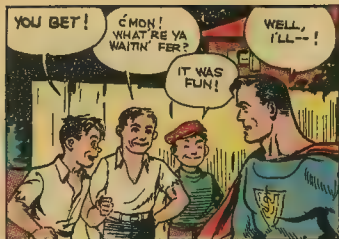


WHEN THEY ALIGHT --

WELL, HERE YOU ARE, SAFE AND SOUND. -- HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO IT AGAIN?







A FEW MINUTES LATER, PEOPLE ON THE FAR-FRinge OF THE SLUM AREA ARE PUZZLED TO HEAR A SERIES OF CRASHING RUMBLES WHICH GROW LOUDER WITH EACH INSTANT...

WHAT IS IT?

GOOD LORD! SOUNDS TO ME LIKE AN EARTH-QUAKE! — A HURRICANE!

BUT THEY ARE MISTAKEN! FOR THE SOURCE OF THE SOUND IS A ONE-MAN CYCLONE! SUPERMAN!

SO THE GOVERNMENT REBUILDS DESTROYED AREAS WITH MODERN CHEAP-RENTAL APARTMENTS, EH?

BUILDING AFTER BUILDING CRASHES BEFORE HIS ATTACK!

THEN HERE'S A JOB FOR IT! — WHEN I FINISH, THIS TOWN WILL BE RID OF ITS FILTHY CRIME-FESTERING SLUMS!

NOT BAD! — HAVEN'T HAD SUCH A FINE WORK-OUT IN A LONG TIME! — HERE'S ONE FIRE-TRAP LESS!

SUMMONED BY FLEEING TERRORIZED SLUM INHABITANTS, FIRE TRUCKS AND POLICE PATROLS SWERVE INTO THE DESTRUCTIVE ZONE...

A LUNATIC! KNOCKING EVERY THING TO PIECES! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

IF YOU ASK ME, YOU'RE THE LUNATIC! ONE MAN CREATE ALL THIS CHAOS! YOU'RE CRACKED!

IT MUST BE AN UNKNOWN ARMY! I'LL SEND FOR THE NATIONAL GUARD!

A TROOP RUSHES INTO THE SECTION... MENACES SUPERMAN...

IT'S ONE MAN! THIS IS INCREDIBLE!

STOP! — STOP! — STOP! OR WE'LL SHOOT!

SHOOT IF YOU MUST — BUT AFTER YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN, GO AWAY BEFORE I GET ANNOYED!

FIRE!

SUPERMAN CONTINUES TO TEAR STRUCTURES, UNAFFECTED BY THE WITHERING AND REPEATED MACHINE-GUN FIRE...

THE MAN'S SUPERHUMAN! — FIX BAYONETS! ADVANCE!

BUT SUPERMAN AGILY ESCAPES HIS ATTACKERS THRU THE SIMPLE MANEUVER OF BRIDGING SEVERAL CITY BLOCKS IN ONE LEAP...

THEY MEAN WELL, — AND SO I MUST NOT LOSE MY TEMPER AND HURT THEM!



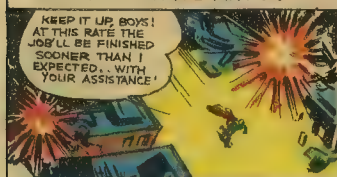
A NEW MENACE! -- A SQUADRON OF AERIAL-BOMBERS WING TO THE ATTACK!



SUPERMAN IS STRUGGLING WITH A HUGE EDIFICE WHICH REFUSES TO FALL WHEN . . .



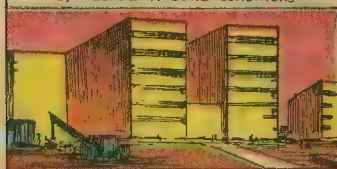
NIMBLY, HE RACES THRU THE STREETS, EXPLOSIONS DODGING HIS FOOTSTEPS AS THE FRANTIC AVIATORS SEEK DESPERATELY TO ELIMINATE HIM . . .



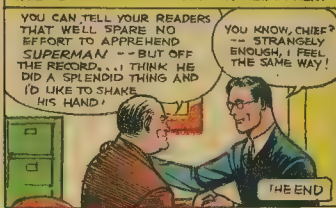
ABRUPTLY SUPERMAN VANISHES FROM SIGHT BEHIND HIM HE LEAVES WHAT FORMERLY WERE THE SLUMS, BUT NOW, A DESOLATE SHAMBLES . . .



DURING THE NEXT WEEKS, THE WRECKAGE IS CLEARED. EMERGENCY SQUADS COMMENCE ERECTING HUGE APARTMENT-PROJECTS... AND IN TIME THE SLUMS ARE REPLACED BY SPLENDID HOUSING CONDITIONS



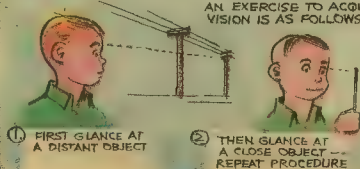
WITHIN THE POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE CHIEF BURKE IS INTERVIEWED BY CLARK KENT



## "ACQUIRING SUPER-STRENGTH"

### SUPER-VISION

AN EXERCISE TO ACQUIRE UNUSUAL VISION IS AS FOLLOWS:



3 DO THIS A FEW MINUTES EVERY DAY AND SOON YOU'LL BE ABLE TO PEER MORE DISTANTLY THAN ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS

# "CHUCK" DAWSON

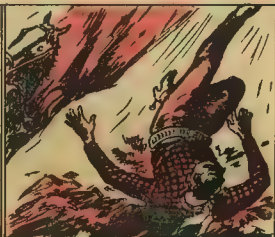
BY H. FLEMING

FROM THE BARRICADED WINDOWS OF THE STURDY LOG RANCH-CABIN OF THE DIAMOND-H, CHUCK AND ZEBE RETURN THE FIRE OF THE 4-G GUNMEN— FINALLY, CHUCK DECIDES TO EASE OUT, GET HIS HORSE AND RIDE FOR HELP—

ON THE EDGE OF A STEEP EMBANKMENT, HIS HORSE STUMBLES AND THROWS HIM HEADLONG— — —

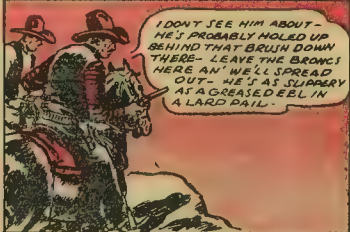


A MASS OF DRIED LEAVES AND PINE NEEDLES, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BANK, BREAKS THE FORCE OF CHUCK'S FALL—



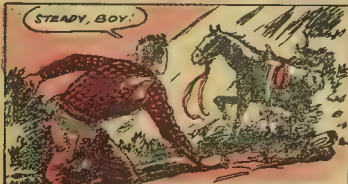
MEAN WHILE THE 4-G GUNMEN SEE CHUCK THROWN FROM HIS HORSE— THEY SPUR FORWARD TO THE BRINK OF THE DEEP GULLEY.

"COME ON! WE CAN GUY HIM NOW, IF HE AINT BROKE HIS NECK!"



"I DONT SEE HIM ABOUT— HE'S PROBABLY HOLED UP BEHIND THAT BRUSH DOWN THERE— LEAVE THE BRONCS HERE AN' WE'LL SPREAD OUT— HE'S AS SLIPPERY AS A GREASEDEEL IN A LARD PAIL—"

"STEADY, BOY!"



HIS SENSES REELING, CHUCK LIES STILL FOR A MOMENT. THEN CRAWLS OVER TO HIS HORSE, JUST SCRAMBLING TO IT'S FEET— BUSHES SCREEN THEM FROM VIEW FROM ABOVE —

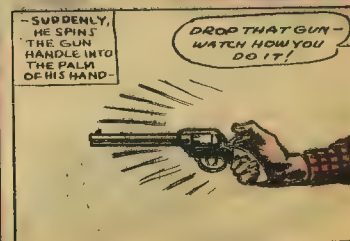
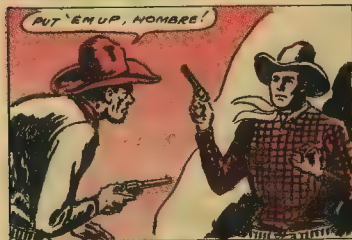


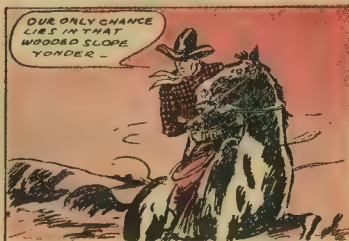
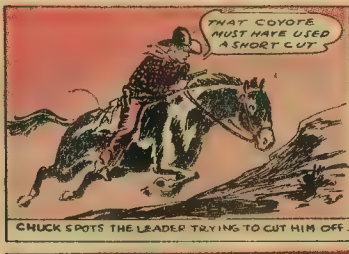
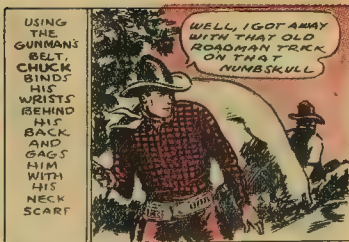
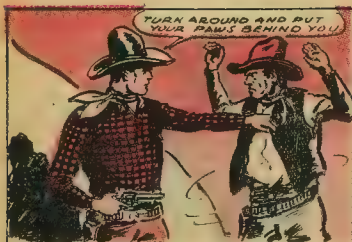
"I HEAR THOSE POLE-CATS UP THERE, NOW!"





ROLLING  
BEHIND  
A  
BOULDER,  
CHUCK  
FLATTENS  
HIS BODY  
AGAINST  
THE FACE-  
GRADUALLY  
HE WORKS  
HIS WAY  
AROUND  
TO THE  
OTHER SIDE.  
SUDDENLY,  
A TWIG  
SNAPS  
IN BACK  
OF HIM





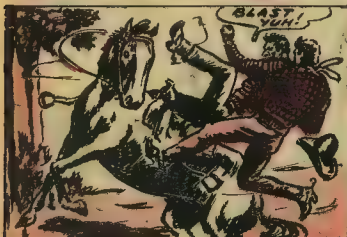




MEAN WHILE THE A-G GUNMAN FOLLOWS CHUCK'S TRACKS THROUGH THE THICKET



WHEN THE GUNMAN IS DIRECTLY UNDER THE TREE, CHUCK LEAPS FROM THE LIMB.



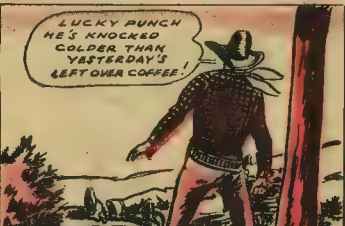
CHUCK AND THE A-G GUNMAN HURTLE FROM THE BRONCO'S BACK, LANDING IN A HEAP ON THE GROUND.



FINALLY THE GUNMAN MANAGES TO TWIST OUT OF CHUCK'S GRASP. THEN, LIKE A FLASH, HE SLIPS HIS HAND INTO HIS BOOT LEG AND PULLS OUT A KNIFE.

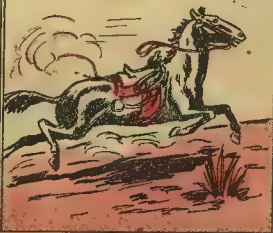


CHUCK LEAPS BACK FROM A SAVAGE THRUST OF THE KNIFE—THEN HIS FIST CRASHES AGAINST THE HARD JAW OF THE GUNMAN.





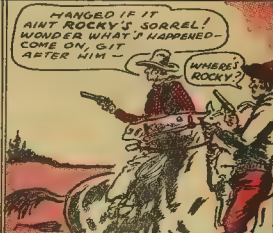
MEAN WHILE  
THE  
GUNMAN'S  
HORSE  
HAS  
TAKEN  
TO HIS  
HEELS  
AND  
GALLOPED  
AWAY  
IN A  
CLOUD  
OF  
DUST



AS  
THE  
OTHER  
A-G  
GUNMEN  
RIDE  
UP,  
THEY  
SPOT  
THE  
RIDERLESS  
HORSE  
AND  
GIVE  
CHASE

HANGED IF IT  
AINT ROCKY'S SORREL!  
WONDER WHAT 'I HAPPENED--  
COME ON, GIT  
AFTER HIM -

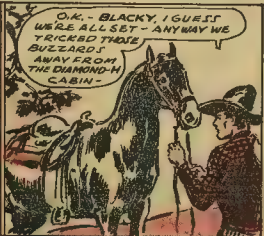
WHERE'S  
ROCKY?



WHEN  
THE  
HORSE  
IS  
ROUNDED  
UP,  
THEY  
BACK  
TRACK  
HIM  
TO  
FIND  
ROCKY

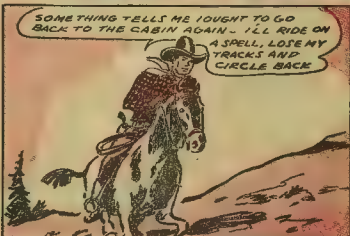


CHUCK  
LOCATES  
HIS  
WELL  
TRAINED  
BRONCO  
WAITING  
A  
SHORT  
DISTANCE  
AWAY



O.K. - BLACKY, I GUESS  
WE'RE ALL SET - ANYWAY WE  
TRICKED THOSE  
BUZZARDS  
AWAY FROM  
THE DIAMOND-H  
CABIN -

SOMETHING TELLS ME I OUGHT TO GO  
BACK TO THE CABIN AGAIN - I'LL RIDE ON  
A SPELL, LOSE MY  
TRACKS AND  
CIRCLE BACK



AS  
CHUCK  
RIDES  
UP  
TO THE  
DOOR OF  
THE  
DIAMOND-H  
RANCH  
CABIN,  
THE  
OLD  
RANCH  
OWNER  
STEPS  
OUT  
GRASPING  
A  
RIFLE!



HELLO,  
AMIGO!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE  
ONE OF THEM SKUNKS -  
- VIRGINIA, MY DAUGHTER -  
- SHE'S GONE - THEY  
MAY HAVE HER!  
ZEBE'S TRYIN'  
TO PICK UP A  
TRAIL -



CONTINUED

# PEP MORGAN

BY SENE BAXTER

**P**EP DIGS A PATH FROM HIS HOME AFTER THE FIRST BIG SNOWFALL OF THE YEAR, AS HIS DOG, RANGER, LOOKS ON ---

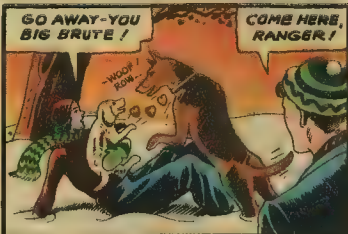


**A** YOUNG LADY PASSING BY CARRIES A SMALL DOG IN HER ARMS WHICH ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF PEP'S CANINE COMPANION --



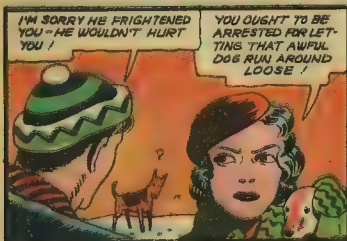
**GO AWAY-YOU BIG BRUTE !**

**COME HERE, RANGER !**



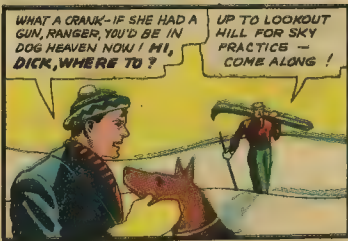
**I'M SORRY HE FRIGHTENED YOU - HE WOULDN'T HURT YOU !**

**YOU OUGHT TO BE ARRESTED FOR LETTING THAT AWFUL DOG RUN AROUND LOOSE !**



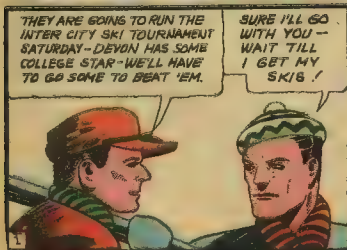
**WHAT A CRANK-IF SHE HAD A GUN, RANGER, YOU'D BE IN DOG HEAVEN NOW ! HI, DICK, WHERE TO ?**

**UP TO LOOKOUT HILL FOR SKY PRACTICES - COME ALONG !**



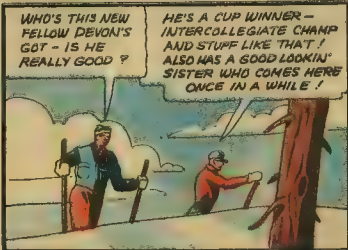
**THEY ARE GOING TO RUN THE INTER CITY SKI TOURNAMENT SATURDAY-DEVON HAS SOME COLLEGE STAR-WE'LL HAVE TO GO SOME TO BEAT 'EM.**

**SURE I'LL GO WITH YOU - WAIT TILL I GET MY SKIS !**



**WHO'S THIS NEW FELLOW DEVON'S GOT - IS HE REALLY GOOD ?**

**HE'S A CUP WINNER - INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMP AND STUFF LIKE THAT ! ALSO HAS A GOOD LOOKIN' SISTER WHO COMES HERE ONCE IN A WHILE !**

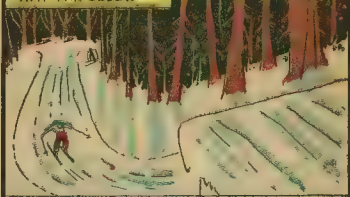




**B**REAKING DOWN THE RUNWAY AFTER DICK, PEP SOARS THROUGH THE AIR FROM THE TAKE-OFF -



**P**EP MAKES A PERFECT LANDING ON THE RUNWAY FAR BELOW -



**S**UDDENLY NEAR THE END OF THE RUNWAY A GIRL ON SKIS APPEARS - DIRECTLY IN PEP'S PATH -

**LOOK OUT!**

**O-O-O-O-OH...**



**C**OLLISION!



ARE YOU (PEP) ALL (PUP) RIGHT?



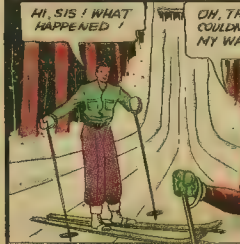
**YES, BUT IT'S NO FAULT OF YOURS - WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING!**



**BOY, WHAT A NERVE - DON'T YOU KNOW THIS IS A SKI-JUMP RUNWAY!**



**HI, SIS! WHAT HAPPENED?**



**OH, THIS CLUMSY FELLOW COULDN'T GET OUT OF MY WAY!**



DON'T MIND HER-SHE'S JUST LEARNING TO SKI-I'M RAY DENE AND THIS IS MY SISTER JOAN-

GLAD TO MEET YOU-I'M PEP MORGAN-AND THIS IS DICK FAYE-WE WERE JUST PRACTICING A COUPLE JUMPS-THERE'S A MEET NEXT WEEK WITH DEVON!



WELL, DICK, IF WE DON'T BEAT DEVON NOW, I MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE TOWN-I'D NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT FROM MISS JOAN!

DON'T WORRY, PEP. IF ANY-ONE LEAVES IT'LL BE LITTLE JOAN!

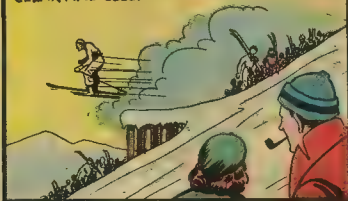


SO THIS IS THE GREAT PEP MORGAN! WHEN MY BROTHER GETS THROUGH WITH YOU AT THE MEET YOU WON'T BE SO PEPPY!

CUT IT OUT, SIS- WELL SO LONG, FELLOWS, SEE Y'U AT THE MEET!



THE DAY OF THE BIG MEET FINALLY COMES- CLEAR AND COLD.



HERE COMES THE HAPPINESS GIRL AGAIN-GET READY FOR SOME BRICKBATS!



I HOPE YOU'VE ORDERED SOME SMALLER HATS TO WEAR AFTER THE MEET, MR. MORGAN!

LOTS OF LUCK FELLOWS!

THANKS BUT I'LL BET YOUR SISTER HOPES IT WILL BE ALL BAD!



THE FIRST EVENT IS A SKI-JUMP FOR NOVICES-



HOWEVER A DEVON CONTESTANT REMAINS UPRIGHT AS FAR AS THE FINNISH MARK-

HOORAY! DEVON WINS!



DEVON WINS THE FIRST  
EVENT - ALL OUT FOR  
THE CROSS-COUNTRY  
SKI RACE !



COME ON, DICK -  
THAT'S US



O.K. PEP -  
LET'S RUN 'EM  
INTO THE  
GROUND !

THE CONTESTANTS LINE UP  
FOR THE TWO MILE RACE -

ON YOUR  
MARK -  
SET -  
GO !



DEVON MAN MISJUDGES A SHARP TURN !



DESPITE PEP'S GREATER FAMILIARITY WITH  
THE COURSE, RAY MAINTAINS HIS SLIGHT LEAD -  
PEP SHOUTS A WARNING -

LOOK OUT FOR  
THE CREVICE  
JUST AHEAD !



CAUGHT UNAWARES, RAY'S LEAP FALLS  
SHORT -

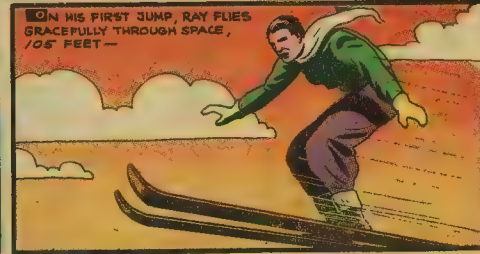
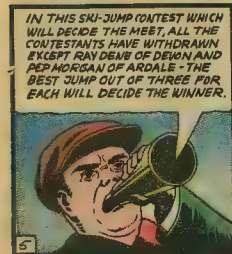
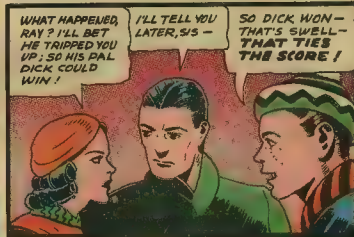
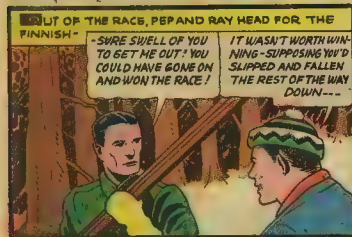
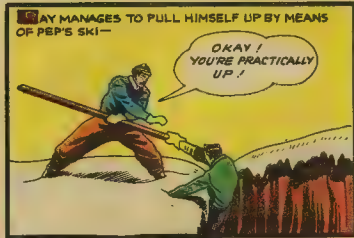


RAY FAILS TO HEAR - THE WIND IS AGAINST HIM

W-  
WHAT  
TH -







**1** PEP JUMPS FAR BUT FALLS ON THE RUNWAY--



**2** IN THE NEXT TRY RAY JUMPS /30 FEET/ BUT PEP FAILS AGAIN--

TOUGH LUCK, PEP,  
OLD FELLOW!

I'VE STILL ONE  
MORE TRY!



**3** RAY JUMPS AGAIN WITH BEAUTIFUL FORM -  
/50 FEET - DEVON ROOTERS GO WILD-

THE MEET'S AS  
GOOD AS WON!  
HOORAY FOR  
RAY!

THEY OUGHT  
TO CALL PEP  
"FLOP" MORGAN!



COME ON, PEP--YOU CAN  
DO IT--WIPE THAT SMILE  
OF LITTLE JOAN'S FACE!

I'D LIKE TO TAKE  
HER OVER MY KNEE  
AND SPANK HER!  
WELL--HERE GOES!



**4** PEP GLIDES DOWN THE ICY SLOPE--EVERY MUSCLE  
FORCES HIM FORWARD INTO SPACE--FARTHER -  
FARTHER--



WOW!  
WHAT A  
JUMP!

**5** PEP KEEPS HIS BALANCE AND  
FLASHES BY THE FINNISH LINE  
A WINNER WITH A 155' FT. JUMP!

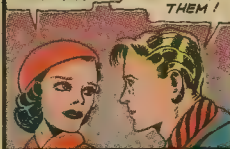
CONGRATULATIONS,  
PEP-- SOME JUMP!  
SAY COULD MY  
SISTER SEE YOU  
A MOMENT ALONE?

SURE  
THING!



MY BROTHER TOLD  
ME WHAT YOU  
DID FOR HIM AND  
I'M SORRY I WAS  
SO FRESH--AM I  
FORGIVEN?

OF COURSE!  
I DIDN'T MIND  
WHAT YOU SAID  
AS LONG AS IT  
WAS YOU THAT  
WAS SAYING  
THEM!



I'M THE ONE  
THAT NEEDS A  
SMALLER HAT,  
I GUESS --  
AFTER TODAY!

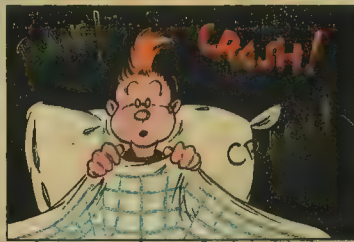
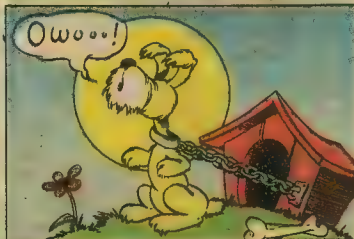
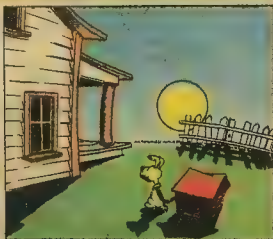
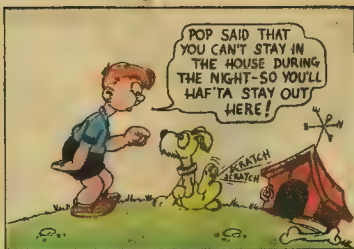
SHUCKS NO!  
THAT ONE YOU'RE  
WEARING FITS  
YOU JUST RIGHT-  
AND IT'S MIGHTY  
PRETTY TOO!



-THE END-

# BUTCH

## THE PUP





# FANTASTIC FACTS



**APRONS  
OF  
HUMAN  
BONES**  
ARE WORN  
BY TIBETAN  
PRIESTS IN  
CERTAIN  
RELIGIOUS  
RITES

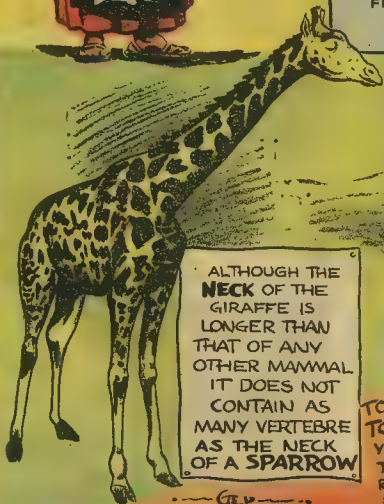
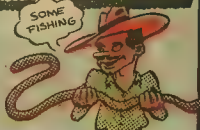


THE REASON WHY  
A FLY IS SO HARD  
TO SWAT IS BECAUSE  
IT HAS THOUSANDS  
OF EYES

COMMERCIALY, THE **HUMAN BODY** IS  
ONLY WORTH ABOUT **\$1.00!**  
HERE ARE ITS ELEMENTS AND THEIR VALUE:-

OXYGEN	\$.65	SULPHUR	\$.0025
CARBON	.18	SODIUM	.0015
HYDROGEN	.10	CHLORINE	.0015
NITROGEN	.03	MAGNESIUM	.0005
CALCIUM	.015	IRON	.00004
PHOSPHORUS	.01	IODINE	.000004
POTASSIUM	.0035		

IN ECUADOR  
**EARTHWORMS**  
GROW TO A  
LENGTH OF  
FIVE FEET



ALTHOUGH THE  
**NECK** OF THE  
GIRAFFE IS  
LONGER THAN  
THAT OF ANY  
OTHER MAMMAL  
IT DOES NOT  
CONTAIN AS  
MANY VERTEBRE  
AS THE NECK  
OF A SPARROW



**TOO HOT  
TO TOUCH**

YET ICE WATER COMES OUT OF  
THEM !! THATS THE STORY OF THE  
ROCK FUMAROLLES, OR VOLCANIC HOLES,  
LOCATED IN SOUTHERN IDAHO.

*The ADVENTURES of*  
**MARCO POLO**

ILLUSTRATED by SVEN ELVEN

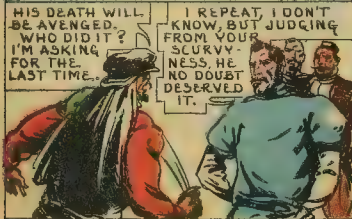
MARCO POLO ESCAPES AND RIDES FOR HELP TO SHELA'S FATHER, ENEMY OF THE BANDITS WHO HOLD SHELA AND THE POLOS PRISONERS IN THE HOTEL KERMAN FOR THE KILLING OF THEIR LEADER.



WHILE BACK IN KERMAN.

HIS DEATH WILL BE AVENGED. WHO DID IT? I'M ASKING FOR THE LAST TIME.

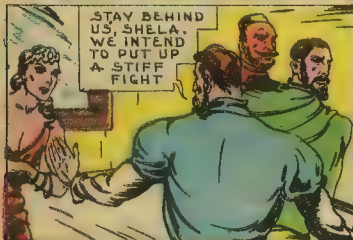
I REPEAT, I DON'T KNOW, BUT JUDGING FROM YOUR SCURVYNESS, HE NO DOUBT DESERVED IT.



ALLRIGHT, SEIZE THE INFIDELS, MEN!



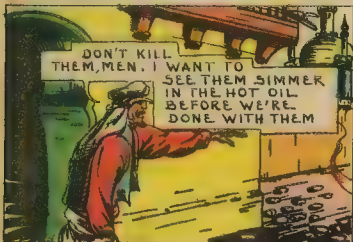
STAY BEHIND US, SHELA. WE INTEND TO PUT UP A STIFF FIGHT



OH, SO YOU'LL RESIST? WELL, YOU CAN'T LAST LONG A GAINST OUR NUMBERS. WE SHALL ENJOY PLAYING WITH YOU A LITTLE WHILE.

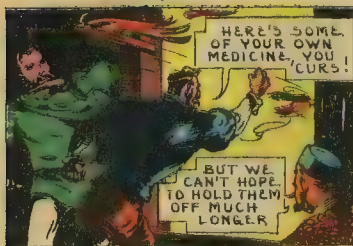


DON'T KILL THEM, MEN. I WANT TO SEE THEM SIMMER IN THE HOT OIL BEFORE WE'RE DONE WITH THEM



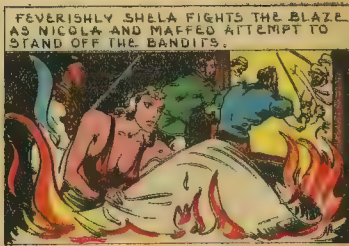
GLEEFULLY THE BANDITS THROW BURNING FIRE BRANDS THRU THE WINDOWS.



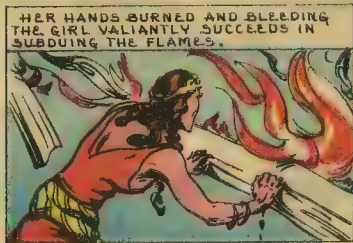


HERE'S SOME  
OF YOUR OWN  
MEDICINE, YOU  
CURS!

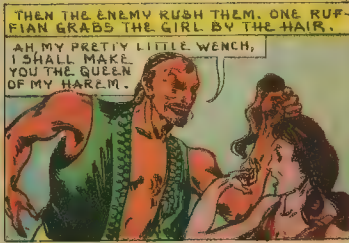
BUT WE  
CAN'T HOPE  
TO HOLD THEM  
OFF MUCH  
LONGER



FEVERISHLY SHELA FIGHTS THE BLAZE  
AS NICOLA AND MAFFED ATTEMPT TO  
STAND OFF THE BANDITS.



HER HANDS BURNED AND BLEEDING  
THE GIRL VALIANTLY SUCCEEDS IN  
SUBDUING THE FLAMES.



THEN THE ENEMY RUSH THEM. ONE RU-  
FIAN GRABS THE GIRL BY THE HAIR.

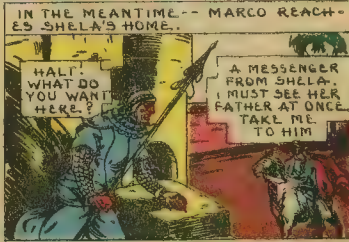
AH MY PRETY LITTLE WENCH,  
I SHALL MAKE  
YOU THE QUEEN  
OF MY HAREM.



MAFFED SENDS HIM SPINNING AS  
OTHERS RUSH IN.

KLONK

KEEP YOUR DIRTY  
HANDS OFF OF  
HER, YOU  
HEATHEN!



IN THE MEANTIME-- MARCO REACH-  
ES SHELA'S HOME.

HALT!  
WHAT DO  
YOU WANT  
HERE?

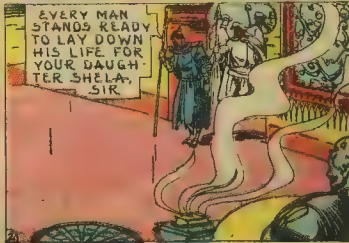
A MESSENGER  
FROM SHELA.  
I MUST SEE HER  
FATHER AT ONCE  
TAKE ME  
TO HIM



MARCO RELATES TO CHIEF SIAB, SHE-  
LA'S FATHER, THE INCIDENT AT THE INN  
OF KERMAN.

TO ARMS, MEN!  
WE MUST SPEED TO  
HER RESCUE.

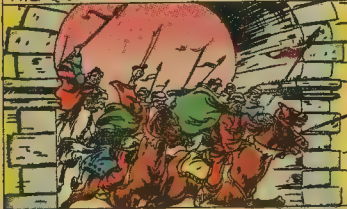
YES, BUT  
EVEN NOW  
WE MAY  
BE TOO  
LATE TO  
SAVE HER-



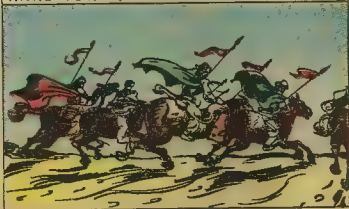
EVERY MAN  
STANDS READY  
TO LAY DOWN  
HIS LIFE FOR  
YOUR DAUGH-  
TER SHELA,  
SIR



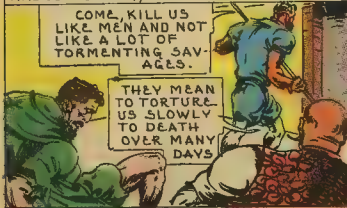
OFF DASHES THE CAVALCADE THRU  
THE GREAT PORTALS.



OVER THE SAND DUNES THEY RIDE  
HARD TOWARD THE EAST.



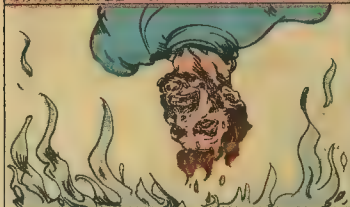
BACK AT THE HOTEL MAFFEO, BRUISED  
AND BLEEDING, DROPS EXHAUSTED.



THE OIL BUBBLES WILDLY



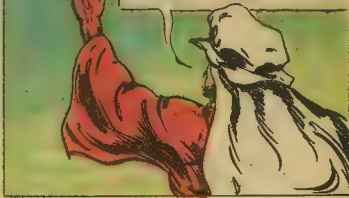
NICOLA, NEARING THE VAT FEELS HIS SKIN SHRIVEL FROM THE INTENSE HEAT.



THE BANDITS, CAUGHT BY SURPRISE ARE HACKED DOWN BY SIAD'S MEN



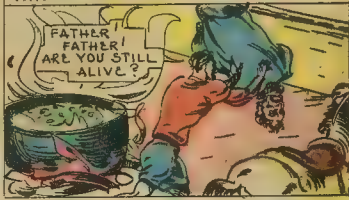
ALL RIGHT, LET HIM HANG OVER THE HOT CAULDRON FOR A WHILE!



A GREAT NOISE ARISES OUTSIDE THE HOTEL FRONT



MARCO DASHES UP TO HIS FATHER AND SWINGS HIM CLEAR OF THE BURNING VAT.



YES- THANK GOD- YOU HAVE COME IN TIME.



MY FRIENDS, HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR THE SAFETY OF MY DAUGHTER?



# FROZEN HAZARD

By  
**RICHARD MARTIN**

**A**T eight o'clock that morning, Tim Rourke rolled the sleek red and white mail plane out of the hangar and poised it on the runway of Quebec's municipal airport. Four bags of mail and packages were dumped into the cabin of the ship together with several small crates of machinery and utensils that were needed by the Hudson Bay Construction Company.

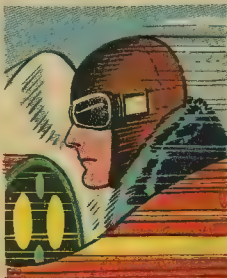
The Hudson Bay Company, dealing in the mining and general trading business, maintained numerous branch offices or outposts scattered throughout the length and breadth of Canada's various dominions. The only contact these distant outposts had with the outer world was by dog-sled or airplane; and generally once a month food and supplies and the other necessities of life were transported to these far-flung branches by either of these two means of communication.

Tim climbed into the cockpit and adjusted his safety belt. At the side of the plane stood Bill Ryan, lifelong friend and side-kick of Rourke's.

"Better make sure you've got your ear muffs and woolen mittens," laughed Ryan, reaching up and playfully patting Tim's face in a humorous attempt at being matronly.

"Don't worry about me," replied Tim. "I'm old enough to take care of myself!"

"That's fine," said Bill. "But seriously, did you check up on everything? Y'know, 800 miles is a long, long way if you should ever get stuck in the middle of one of those Arctic snow fields."



"The mechanics went over the plane the first thing this morning. Everything's okay!" Tim pulled shut the cabin door and Bill jerked the props away from under the wheels. The automatic propeller-winder was released and Tim opened the ignition. The engine sputtered for a few seconds and then roared into action. Tim warmed it up for five minutes and waved to Bill that he was about to take off.

The plane turned and zoomed down the field in an ever increasing burst of speed. It took to the air and climbing 500 feet or so, banked to the right and headed northward toward the little outpost nestling 800 miles away in the frozen reaches of Canadian iceland. Bill returned to the administration building and stationed himself at the radio, to be in constant communication with his friend till he reached his destination.

Every twenty or thirty minutes Tim would send in his position, speed and the performance of the motor. With each call it became obvious that Tim was making steady headway northward, for the reports of the temperature indicated that it was falling rapidly. Two hours passed . . . three hours passed, and Bill remained at the receiving set, checking and re-checking Tim's journey.

Around noon Tim called in and his message was rather disquieting. He was plowing through a heavy snowstorm, and ice was forming rapidly on the wings, making it extremely difficult to keep the plane on an even balance. A stiff wind from the north prevented him from gaining headway.

"Perhaps you'd better turn around and fly back!" suggested Bill into the microphone in worried tones.

"Maybe I'd better at that," answered Tim. "This motor has been actin' . . ."

Tim's voice was suddenly cut off! Bill endeavored to re-establish contact but his efforts were in vain. Frantically he kept working at the machine for five, ten, fifteen minutes. The ether waves held no response for his feverish attempts.

**B**ILL sank back and wiped his brow. Perhaps he was getting all excited over nothing at all; it was not an unusual occurrence for portable radio sets to go out of commission. He, himself, had experienced the same thing time and again. The best thing would be to wait patiently till two o'clock or so. By that time Tim will have landed at the Hudson Bay outpost and when he did they'd get in touch with the Quebec airport by radio.

He put through a call to the Hudson Bay Company's outpost. They replied promptly that they were still

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awaiting the arrival of the red and white mail plane and they'd notify him just as soon as it did come. Bill lit a cigarette and walked across the airport to the small lunchroom for a bite to eat. He gulped down a sandwich and a cup of coffee and then glanced at his watch. It said two o'clock!

He hurried back to the administration building and snapped on the radio set. He signalled the outpost station and soon had that distant branch speaking to him over the ether waves.

"There hasn't been a sign of him yet!" was their disheartening reply to Bill's inquiry.

"How's the weather up in that section?" asked Bill.

"Pretty nasty! We're having a heavy snowstorm and there's a powerful wind whipping out of the north. The temperature's been dropping steadily; it's down to fifteen degrees now. It'll go even lower if this wind keeps up!"

"I'll call you every fifteen minutes," said Bill. "If he does show up in the meantime, let me know immediately."

He sat at the radio set and felt utterly helpless. Between here and the outpost was a distance of a little over 800 miles . . . hundreds and hundreds of miles of desolate, frozen northland. Barren, snow-covered stretches of ice and unbearable cold. Jagged peaks and glistening mountain ranges that meant doom for any



helpless aviator who might be forced down.

At regular intervals he called Hudson Bay Company's outpost but they had no encouraging word. The seconds grew into minutes and these in turn flew by with tantalizing swiftness. Finally, Bill could stand it no longer and jumping up, he raced through the building and burst into the office of Commissioner Barkley.

"I may be over-anxious, Commissioner," he said breathlessly, "but I'm afraid something serious has happened to Tim Ryan on that run to the Hudson Bay outpost!"

"What time was he due?" asked the Commissioner.

"Between 1:30 and 2 o'clock this afternoon. He left the airport here at 8 o'clock this morning." Bill wiped the moisture from his upper lip. "The thing that worries me is that about noon time he radioed in and said something about his motor acting in a peculiar manner . . . I imagine that's what he intended to say but he never finished the sentence. He was cut off dead!"

Commissioner Barkley glanced at his watch. "Hm'm . . . almost three hours overdue! I'll notify the field superintendent to have a scouting plane sent out immediately; meanwhile, we'll get in touch with the Hudson Bay outpost to have them dispatch several dog teams to cover as much territory as they possibly can!"

Bill cleared his throat. "If you can arrange it, Commissioner, I'd like to fly that scouting plane . . . you see, Tim Rourke was a friend of mine!"

The Commissioner was thoughtful for a moment and then he extended his hand. "I believe we can manage it that way. Lots of luck!"

#### CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

*(In the cold Arctic wasteland Tim Rourke's plane has been forced down. To his assistance comes his life-long friend, Bill Ryan, who flies from Quebec in search of the lost mail plane. Will Ryan's quest be a successful one?)*

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I am enclosing a ☐ check ☐ M. O. for \$.....to cover these subscriptions.  
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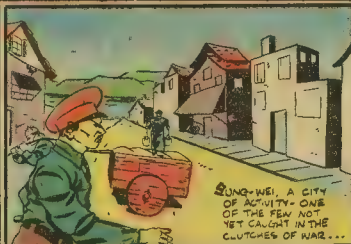
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STATE.....

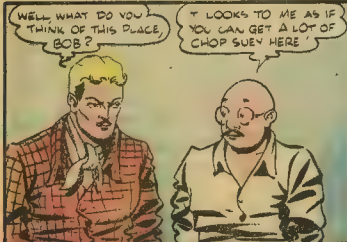
# TEX THOMSON

By Bernard Bailey

THE FAR EAST--- A LAND OF MYSTERY AND WAR--- IT IS IN THIS SETTING THAT WE FIND TEX THOMSON AND HIS FRIEND BOB DALEY... AFTER LEAVING THEIR BOAT THE TWO HEAD FOR THE ONLY HOTEL IN SUNG-WEI, A SMALL CITY IN THE INTERIOR OF THE ORIENT.....



SUNG-WEI, A CITY OF ACTIVITY- ONE OF THE FEW NOT YET CAUGHT IN THE CLUTCHES OF WAR...



WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS PLACE, BOB?

IT LOOKS TO ME AS IF YOU CAN GET A LOT OF CHOP SUEY HERE



SUDDENLY THEY ARE HALTED..

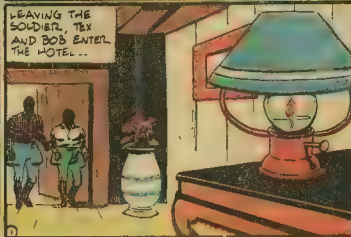
WOULD LIKE TO SEE PASSPORT PAPERS PLEASE?

PASSPORT PAPERS? WHY OF COURSE!

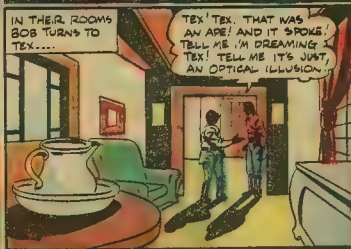
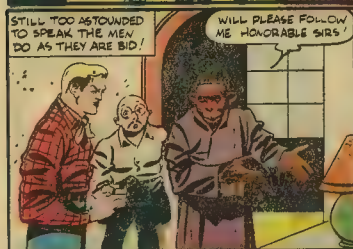
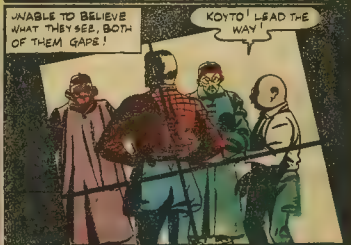
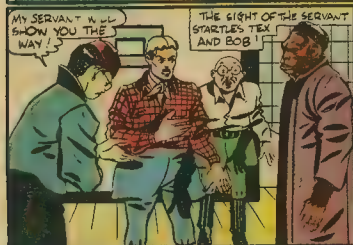
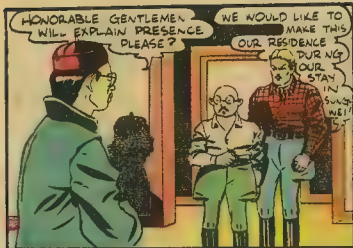


PAPERS ALL RIGHT WOULD ADVISE- LEAVE SUNG-WEI- TROUBLE SOON

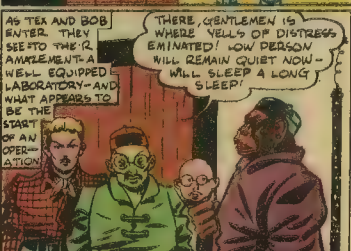
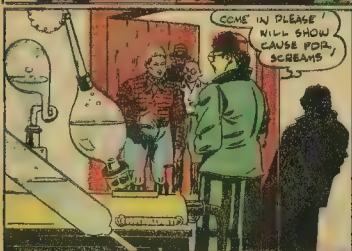
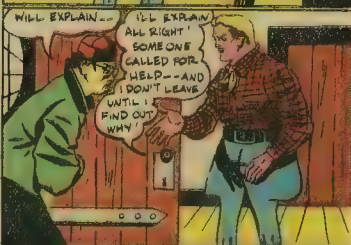
THANKS FOR THE WARNING, OLD MAN. I THINK WE'LL HANG AROUND AWHILE.

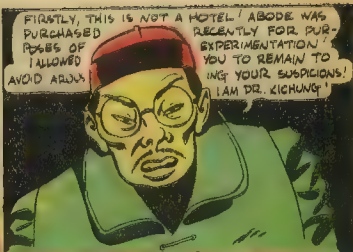


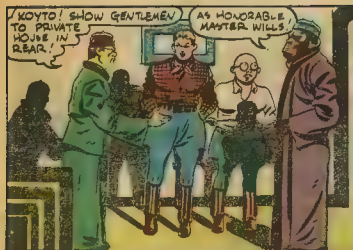
LEAVING THE SOLDIER, TEX AND BOB ENTER THE HOTEL..





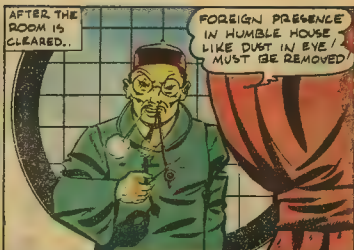






KOYO! SHOW GENTLEMEN  
TO PRIVATE  
HOUSE IN  
REAR!

AS HONORABLE  
MASTER WILLS

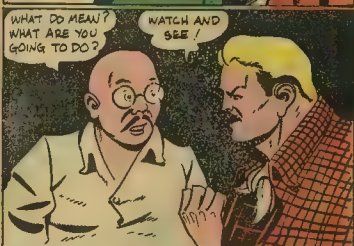


AFTER THE  
ROOM IS  
CLEARED..

FOREIGN PRESENCE  
IN HUMBLE HOUSE  
LIKE DUST IN EYE  
MUST BE REMOVED

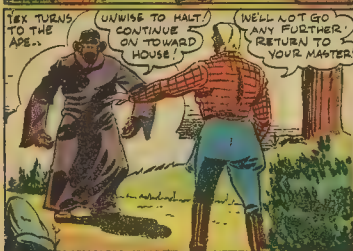


THIS HAS GONE FAR  
ENOUGH!



WHAT DO MEAN?  
WHAT ARE YOU  
GOING TO DO?

WATCH AND  
SEE!



TEX TURNS  
TO THE  
APE..

UNWISE TO HALT!  
CONTINUE  
ON TOWARD  
HOUSE!

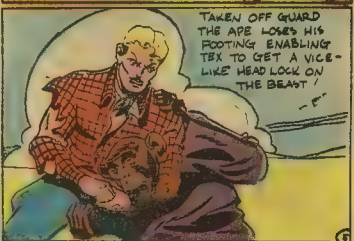
WE'LL NOT GO  
ANY FURTHER!  
RETURN TO  
YOUR MASTER



MUST RESORT TO  
FORCE UNLESS  
YOU CONTINUE!



FOR AN ANSWER  
TEX LUNGES AT  
THE APE...



TAKEN OFF GUARD  
THE APE LOSES HIS  
FOOTING ENABLING  
TEX TO GET A VICE-  
LIKE HEAD LOCK ON  
THE BEAST!



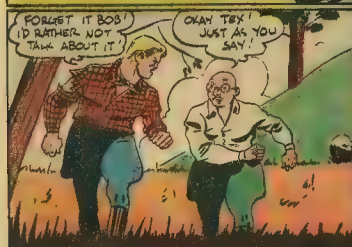


AFTER A BITTER STRUGGLE TEX GIVES THE APES NECK A VICIOUS TWIST - THERE'S A SNAP AND THE BEAST FALLS TO THE GROUND..



COME ON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE SOMEONE DISCOVERS WHAT HAS HAPPENED!

G-GOSH TEX! YOU BEAT THAT APE! I DON'T KNOW HOW...



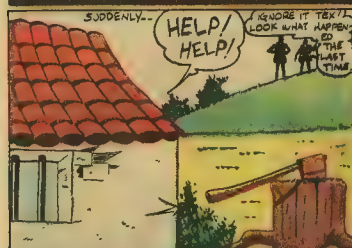
FORGET IT BOB! I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT!

OKAY TEX! JUST AS YOU SAY!



I GUESS THAT'S WHERE WE WOULD HAVE BEEN IF WE HADN'T GOTTEN AWAY!

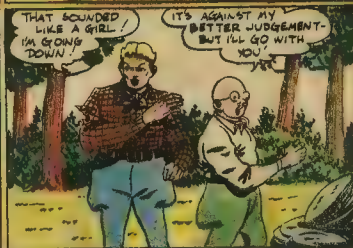
WELL LET'S GET WHILE THE GETTING'S GOOD!



SUDDENLY--

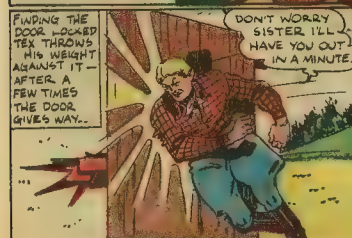
HELP! HELP!

IGNORE IT TEX! LOOK WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME!



THAT SOUNDED LIKE A GIRL! I'M GOING DOWN!

IT'S AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGEMENT - BUT I'LL GO WITH YOU!



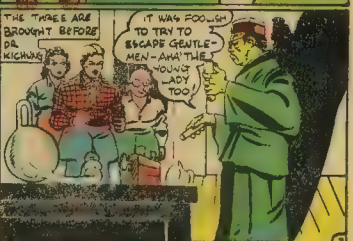
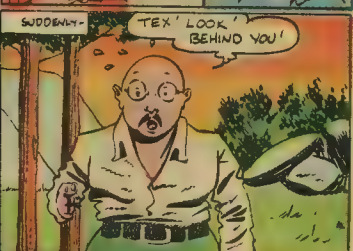
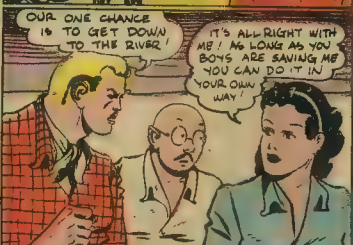
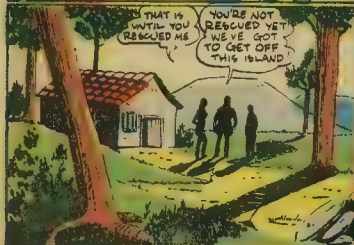
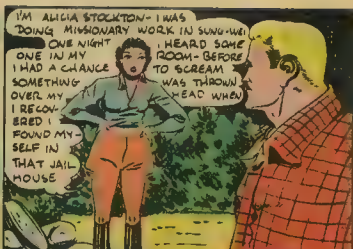
FINDING THE DOOR LOCKED TEX THROWS HIS WEIGHT AGAINST IT - AFTER A FEW TIMES THE DOOR GIVES WAY--

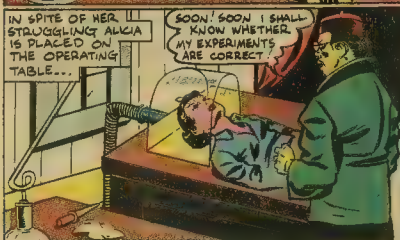
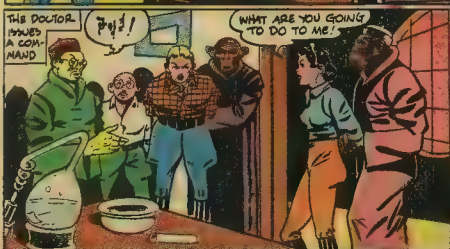
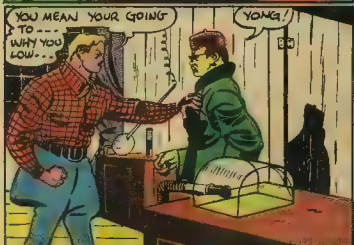
DON'T WORRY SISTER I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A MINUTE!



FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE OUT STEPS A GIRL--

HELLO! THANKS FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE!





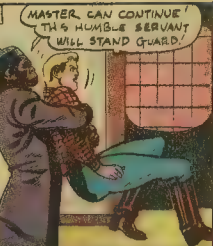




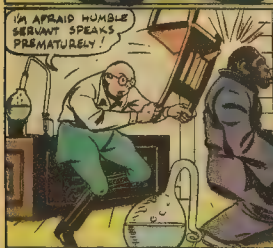
AS ONE OF THE APES  
TRIES TO GET TEX,  
HE  
PICKS UP A  
TUBE AND  
HURLS THE  
CONTENTS  
IN...



THE BEAST'S FACE -  
ONLY TO BE  
GRABBED FROM  
THE REAR BY  
ANOTHER ONE



MASTER CAN CONTINUE!  
THIS HUMBLE SERVANT  
WILL STAND GUARD!



I'M AFRAID HUMBLE  
SERVANT SPEAKS  
PREMATURELY!



GOOD WORK BOB!

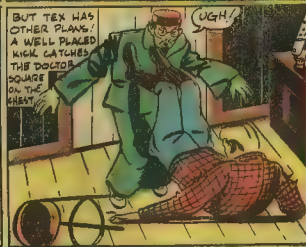


BUT BEFORE HE  
CAN REGAIN  
HIS BALANCE  
DR. KICHUNG  
SMASHES  
TEX IN  
THE JAW...



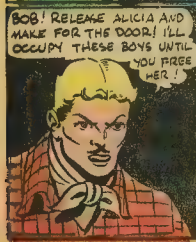
THEN PULLS OUT  
A KNIFE AND  
MOVES TOWARD  
TEX...

WHO INTERFERES  
WITH DR. KICHUNG,  
DIES!

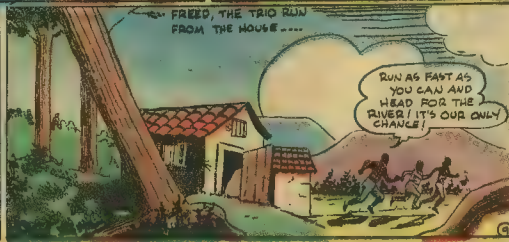


BUT TEX HAS  
OTHER PLANS!  
A WELL PLACED  
KICK CATCHES  
THE DOCTOR  
SQUARE  
ON THE CHEST

UGH!

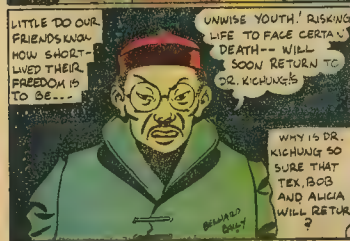
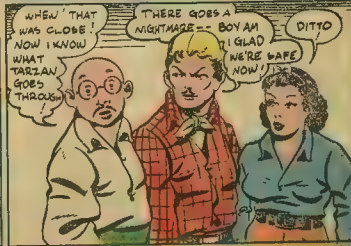
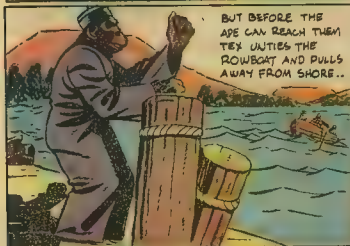
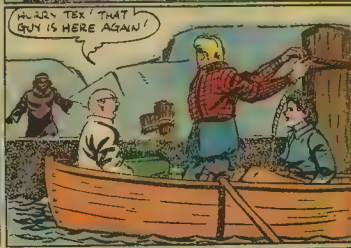
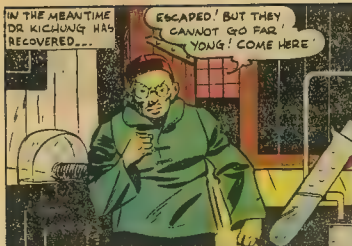


BOB! RELEASE ALICIA AND  
MAKE FOR THE DOOR! I'LL  
OCCUPY THESE BOYS UNTIL  
YOU FREE  
HER!



FREED, THE TRIO RUN  
FROM THE HOUSE....

RUN AS FAST AS  
YOU CAN AND  
HEAD FOR THE  
RIVER! IT'S OUR ONLY  
CHANCE!



# ODDS 'N ENDS ... BY MOLODOFF

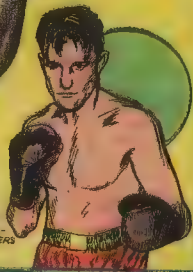
## Scrapbook of Sport Stars



**FREDDIE  
- STEELE -**

ABANDONED WITH HIS MOTHER WHEN HE WAS 6 MONTHS OLD BY A FATHER HE HAS NEVER SEEN, FREDDIE STEELE STARTED FIGHTING FROM HIS CRIB TILL HE BECAME MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION.

ONCE CADDIED FOR DAVE MILLER, WHO IS NOW HIS MANAGER. STARTED BOXING PROFESSIONALLY AT 15, WHEN HE WEIGHED 110 LBS. BEAT RISCO FOR THE TITLE IN '36. MAILED AS ONE OF THE GREATEST FIGHTERS TO COME FROM THE NORTHWEST.



STEELE LOST TO FRED APOSTOLLI A FEW MONTHS AGO IN A NON-TITLE BOUT. APOSTOLLI CLAIMED THE TITLE BUT WAS BEATEN BY YOUNG CORBETT WHO NOW CLAIMS THE CHAMPIONSHIP. HOWEVER STEELE IS STILL RECOGNIZED AS CHAMP IN MOST OF THE STATES.

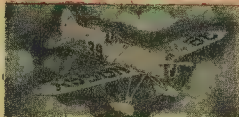


OKLAHOMA UNIV DEFEATED KINGFISHER 70-0 IN 1916, 179-0 IN 1917, 157-0 IN 1919 AND 104-0 IN 1921



DUSTER MAILS, COACH OF THE SAN FRANCISCO SEALS, WEARS A QUESTION MARK ON HIS BACK INSTEAD OF A NUMBER.

## Here's A Knockout Gift For Christmas!



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### MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS

plus a complete Construction Kit to build the Howard like famous racing plane pictured at left. This is a 20" model and has a retail value of 50c. It is colored all white with black details. Kit is complete containing a full size plan and many finished parts. Its fast, stable flights will thrill any one who builds this model.

MAIL US

**\$1.50**

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ISSUES  
AND FLYING  
MODEL KIT

MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS, 551 5th Ave., New York, N.Y. For the enclosed \$1.50 please send me Model Airplane News for one year; also send me **FREE**, the Howard like Flying Model Kit.

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Title

Title offer good in U. S. and Canada, only, excluding Kit, also good in U. S. A., Mex., Cuba, Mexico, Panama and



# WORLD OF STAMPS

## PHILATELY ON WHEELS

If the rising generation does not take to stamp-collecting "en masse", it certainly won't be the fault of the Post Office Department, for that governmental body presided over by Mr. James A. Farley has many plans to cultivate stamp-mindedness among the young.

Recent stamp issues with their historical connotations will do much themselves to promote an interest in postage paper among students, and now philately is being brought, literally, to their doors.

A philatelic truck is being sponsored by the government to bring to the youth of the country, especially those in rural communities, the most complete exhibition and collection of United States stamps ever assembled for such a purpose.

According to present plans, the truck will exhibit specimens of every United States stamp from the first issue of 1847, which consisted of two adhesives, to the present series which will number thirty-two by the end of the year. A complete collection of United States stamped envelopes from the original issue of 1853-1855 to the present time will also be included as will post cards from 1873 to 1926.

A miniature printing press will be used to print souvenir items for distribution. The embryo stamp collectors to whom this appeal is being made will be shown each step in the process of stamp manufacture, aided by actual working examples of steel dies, flatbed and rotary press plates, and transfer rolls. He will also see other items that go to make up stamps, such as ink and gum.

A dyed-in-the-wool philatelist will be in charge of the exhibit to lecture, and answer questions, of which there will be plenty.

The truck is a six ton affair with a wheel base of about 147 inches. It was constructed and equipped in Chicago. Painted on the sides are the words, "United States Post Office Department". A shatter-proof glass window will permit observers to view the stamps readily.

## ALBANIA CELEBRATES

Ten years ago King Zog of Albania decided he was a king instead of a president, and had himself crowned accordingly. To mark the anniversary, a set of eight stamps has been issued as well as a miniature sheet of three adhesives. Vjetori i Mbretinis" (Tenth anniversary of the kingdom.)

A portrait of the king appears on the 25 qnid, blue and 1 franc, olive-green stamps. Queen Geraldine, who was Countess Apponyi of Hungary before she married Zog last April, is portrayed on the 1q violet, 5q green and 15q scarlet stamps. The last design is the eagle and sword of Skanderbeg, symbol of Albanian independence, which appears on the 2q orange, 10q, and 50q slate.

The miniature sheet carries the three designs as follows: King Zog, 30q violet, eagle and sword design, 90q gray-green, 15q scarlet, Queen Geraldine.

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MORTIMER ELLIS

2241 West 37th Street, Dept. DY-1  
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an Adhesive Stamp of King Edward, and TWO pretty foreign pictorial sets including an Austrian set. You can have these historically interesting stamps by sending us 4c to cover cost of postage and packing. Interesting approvals included.

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FLINT MICHIGAN

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\$2.00 U. S. Airmail, Bird, Indian, Airplane Commemorative, Special Issues, seapage stamps from 25 countries, 5c with approvals.

CAPITAL STAMP CO.

Dept. DC, 418 W. Roosevelt Blvd., Little Rock, Ark.

## STAMP OUTFIT FREE

Secure NORTH BORNEO (Jungle Scene) and thrilling AIRMAIL TRIANGLE from Mozambique Co.! BOTH these unusual stamps (missing from most collections) ALSO World's Largest SHIP stamp (picturing Columbus' Fleet) and fine packet other hard-to-get stamps including Sudan (Desert Scene), Georgia (Dead Country!), a set of the WORLD'S SMALLEST STAMPS—big illustrated lists and a WATERMARK DETECTOR—all FREE to applicants for our world famous approvals sending 3c postage! Write today for this sensational offer.

WORLD STAMP COMPANY

DEPT. X, MIDWOOD STATION, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

# SCOOP SCANLON

FIVE STAR REPORTER <sup>by</sup> Will Ely

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF US  
COMIN' OUT HERE IN THE  
STICKS AGAIN, SCOOP?  
WE JUST GOT BACK  
TO NEW YORK --



RUSTY, WHEN I GET A TIP  
FROM MY PAL BILL MALONE,  
THE G-MAN, I ALWAYS  
FOLLOW IT UP --

KIND OF ODD ISN'T IT?  
A G-MAN GIVING  
OUT TIPS?



WELL BILL FEELS HE OWES ME  
A DEBT FROM THE PAST, AND  
HE LIKES TO GIVE THE  
BULLETIN AN  
EXCLUSIVE

WELL I'LL BE ---  
A FLAT !!

HOLD HER, SCOOP!



RUSTY, LOOK HERE!  
A BULLET HOLE !!

DUCK, SCOOP! SOMEONE'S  
FIRING AT US WITH  
A SILENCED RIFLE!



IT'S COMING FROM  
UP THERE IN THE HILLS -  
IF ONLY WE HAD  
A RIFLE - -

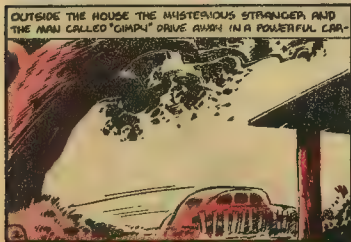
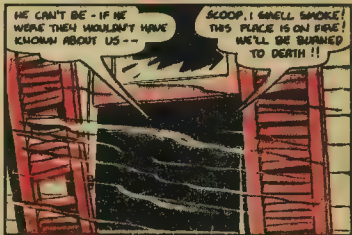
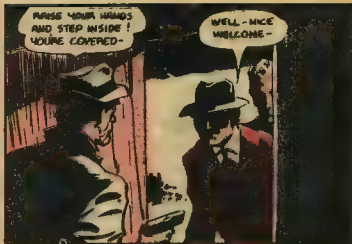
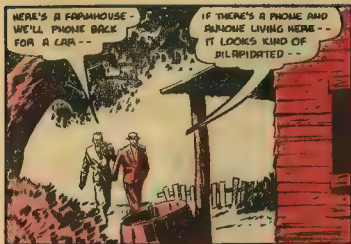
LOOKS LIKE MAYBE  
WE AREN'T  
WANTED HERE -



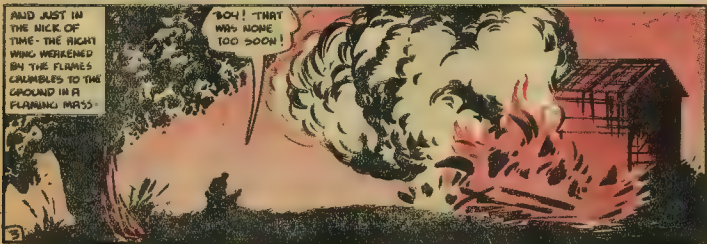
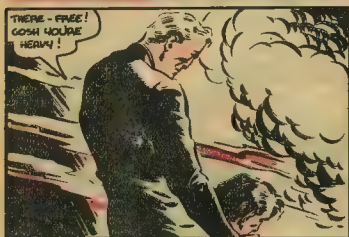
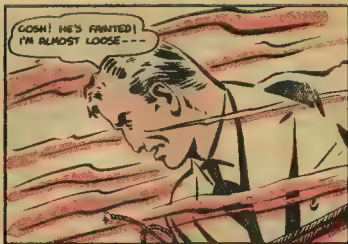
THEY'VE STOPPED - LET'S  
SEE HOW THE CRAIS -

BOY! IT'S RIGGOL! WE'LL  
HAVE TO GO ON FOOT -









AND JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME -- THE RIGHT WING WEAKENED BY THE FLAMES CRUMBLES TO THE GROUND IN A FLAMING MASS --



WHILE IN THE  
OLD SHACK  
BILL AND HANK  
FIGHT BRAVELY  
TRYING TO HOLD  
OUT UNTIL HELP  
CAN REACH THEM

GOT ANOTHER!  
HOW'S THE AMMUNITION?

LOW - WE CAN'T  
LAST LONG!

OUTSIDE, ABOVE THE  
SHACK, A MAN IS  
GETTING A MACHINE  
GUN IN PLACE ---

THIS'LL FIX 'EM

NO, IT WON'T, YOU  
LOUSEY PUNK !!

OH ---

NOW WE'LL SEE!  
I'LL PUT A BLAST  
OVER THEIR HEADS  
FIRST --

SURRENDER, YOU DOGS,  
OR WE'LL CUT YOU DOWN!

MORE COPPERS!  
THEY'VE GOT THE  
CHOPPER! KILL 'EM!!

O.K. YOU ASKED  
FOR IT!



THE GANGSTERS,  
CAUGHT BETWEEN  
TWO FIRES, GO  
DOWN LIKE FLIES--  
THE REMAINING  
THROW UP THEIR  
HANDS AND BEG  
FOR MERCY ---



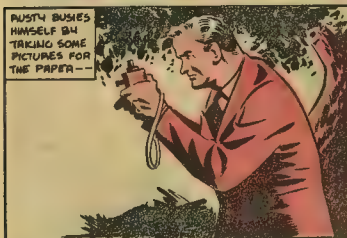
BILL AND HANK  
COVER THEM FROM  
THE REAR WHILE  
SCOOP AND RUSTY  
CLOSE IN ---



GET THE CUFFS ON  
'EM AND LOCK 'EM  
IN THEIR OWN TRUCK



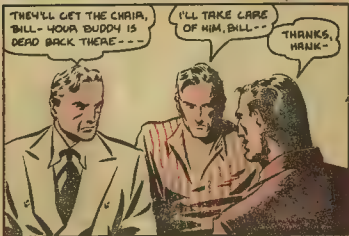
RUSTY BUSIES  
HIMSELF BY  
TAKING SOME  
PICTURES FOR  
THE PAPER ---



THEY'LL GET THE CHAIR,  
BILL-- YOUR BUDDY IS  
DEAD BACK THERE ---

I'LL TAKE CARE  
OF HIM, BILL--

THANKS,  
HANK--



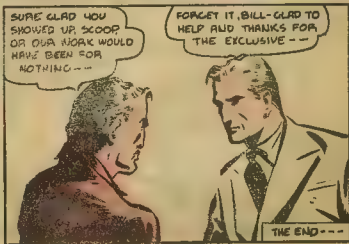
HOW'D YOU  
GET WISE TO  
THIS BUNCH,  
BILL?

WE FOUND THE STUFF GROWING  
THEN WAITED FOR THEM TO TAM  
AND HARVEST IT --



SURE GLAD YOU  
SHOWED UP, SCOOP,  
OR OUR WORK WOULD  
HAVE BEEN FOR  
NOTHING ---

FORGET IT, BILL-- GLAD TO  
HELP AND THANKS FOR  
THE EXCLUSIVE ---



THE END ---

# ZATARA

## MASTER MAGICIAN

AND THE

## INDIAN PRINCE

BY FRED GUARDINEER



ZATARA AND TONG ARE BOUND FOR CEYLON AFTER THEIR VISIT TO THE SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND MINES —



AT DINNER THAT NIGHT ZATARA MEETS THE MAHARAJAH FOR THE FIRST TIME —

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE THE MAHARAJAH RAJPUT SINGH, ZATARA, AND THIS IS THE PRINCE ANDAR SINGH.

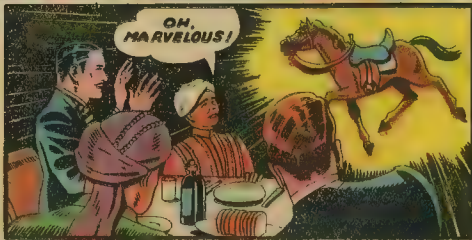
A PLEASURE, I ASSURE YOU!



I HAVE HEARD SOME WONDERFUL THINGS OF YOU, ZATARA. WILL YOU DO SOME TRICKS FOR ME?

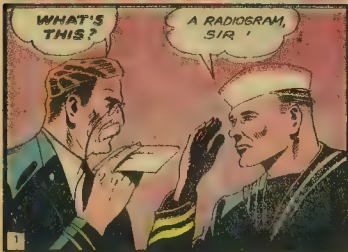


OH, MARVELOUS!



WHAT'S THIS?

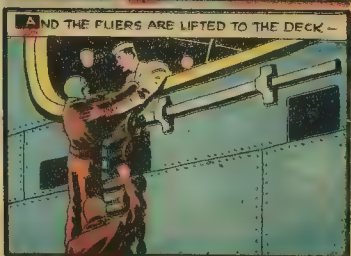
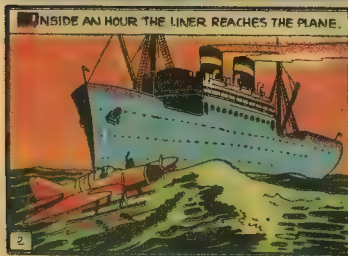
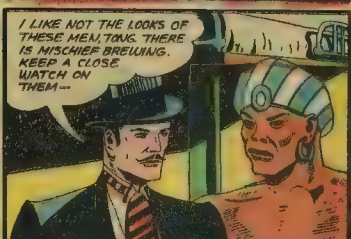
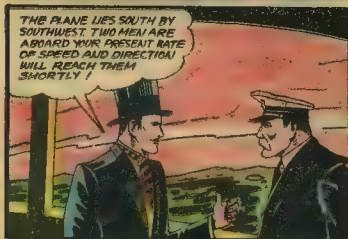
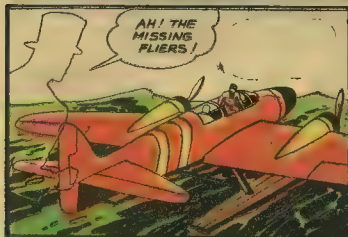
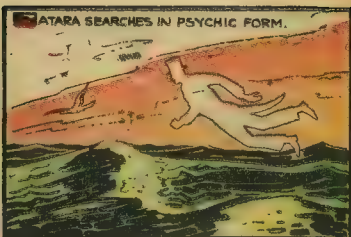
A RADIOGRAM, SIR!



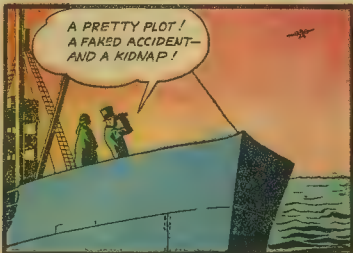
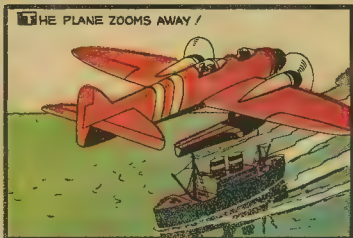
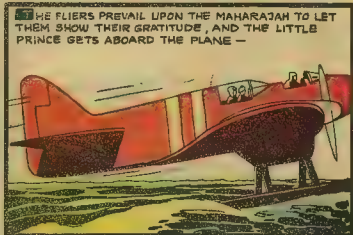
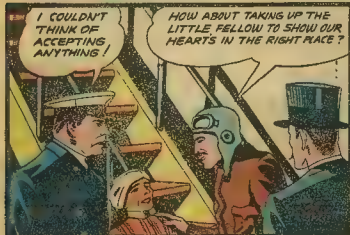
LISTEN!

SEAPLANE LOST ON YOUR ROUTE STOP PLEASE MAKE SEARCH IN PASSAGE - CUTARD LINES

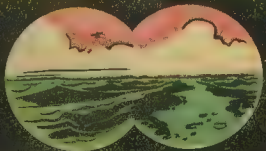






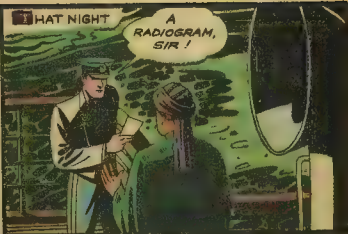


THEY ARE SO FAR AWAY NOW THAT ZATARA CAN SEE ONLY A VAGUE BLOT THROUGH HIS POWERFUL GLASSES.

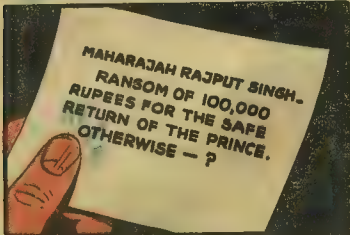


THAT NIGHT

A  
RADIOGRAM,  
SIR!



MAHARAJAH RAJPUT SINGH.  
RANSOM OF 100,000  
RUPEES FOR THE SAFE  
RETURN OF THE PRINCE.  
OTHERWISE - ?

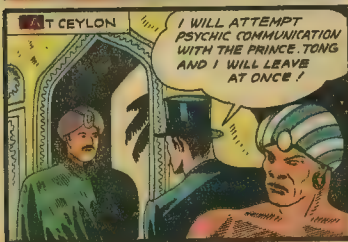


MAY I OFFER MY POOR  
SERVICES, MAHARAJAH? I  
LIKED THE LITTLE PRINCE  
VERY MUCH. IT WOULD BE  
AN HONOR TO EFFECT  
HIS RELEASE!



AT CEYLON

I WILL ATTEMPT  
PSYCHIC COMMUNICATION  
WITH THE PRINCE. TONG  
AND I WILL LEAVE  
AT ONCE!



ON THE ROAD BEYOND  
CEYLON -

I HEAR  
HOOF-  
BEATS!

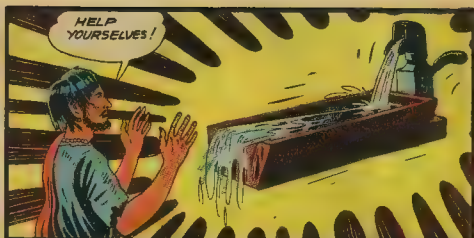


WHAT DO YOU  
DO HERE,  
WHITE MEN?



WHITE MEN!  
WE ARE ONLY POOR  
PEASANTS!





THE RIDERS RACE TOWARD CEYLON—NEVER NOTICING THAT THEIR NUMBER HAS BEEN INCREASED BY TWO!



THE RIDERS DRAW REIN BEFORE A HOUSE IN  
CEYLON IN THE POORER QUARTERS—



I THINK WE'VE HIT THE  
RIGHT CROWD, TONG. I  
HAVE A HUNCH WE'RE  
ON THE TRAIL—

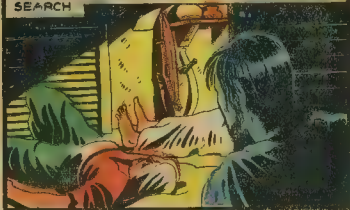




AS NIGHT APPROACHES, THE RIDERS PREPARE FOR SLEEP



BUT ZATARA IS SUSPICIOUS, AND BEGINS TO SEARCH



THREE MEN ARE TALKING AROUND A SMALL TABLE.



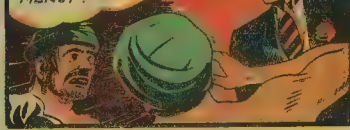
ZATARA RENDERS HIMSELF INVISIBLE TO ORDINARY EYES AND ENTERS THE ROOM -



THE TIME IS RIPE I TELL YOU ! THE FLIERS BROUGHT IN THE LITTLE PRINCE AS HOSTAGE AND WE ALREADY HAVE THE MACHINE GUNS. OH, OUR REVOLT AGAINST THE MAHARAJAH WILL BE SUCCESSFUL !

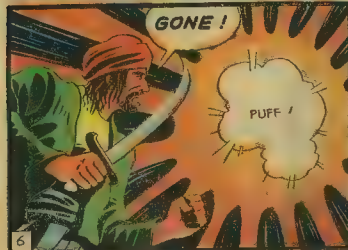


OUT OF THE GOODNESS OF MY HEART, YOU RUFFIANS, I WARN YOU - UNLESS YOU DELIVER THE PRINCE BY TO MORROW NIGHT, I SHALL HAVE NO MERCY !



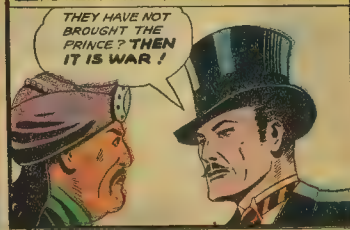
GONE !

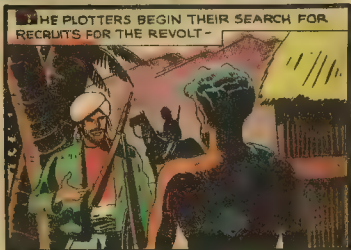
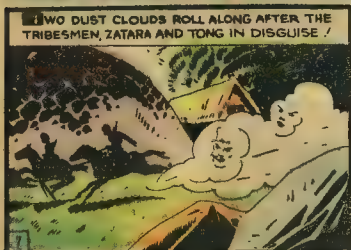
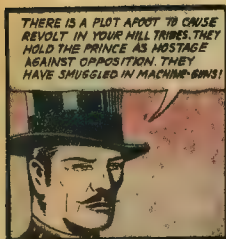
PUFF !

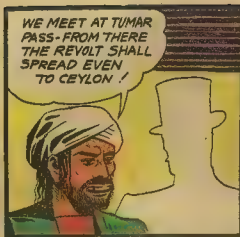


THE NEXT NIGHT AT THE MAHARAJAH'S -

THEY HAVE NOT BROUGHT THE PRINCE ? THEN IT IS WAR !







KNOWING THAT THE SECRET OF THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE MISSING PRINCE IS HELD BY THE BRIGAND CHIEF, ZATARA AND TONG FOLLOW AS TWO HAWKS !



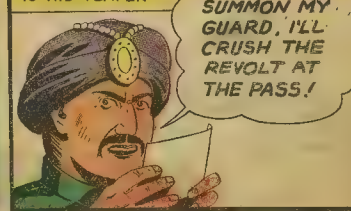
FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE ZATARA FOLLOWS THE CHIEF



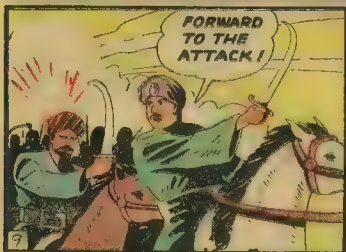
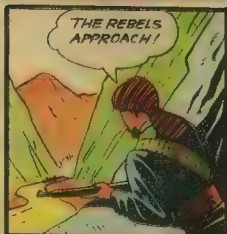
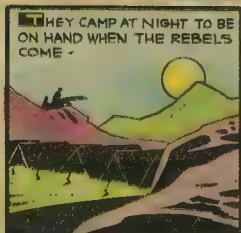
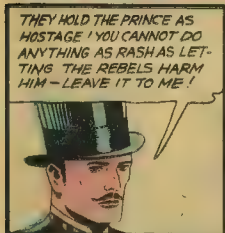
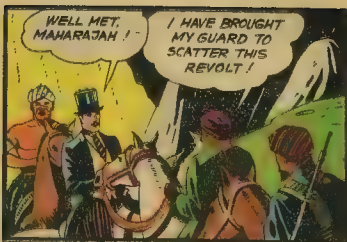
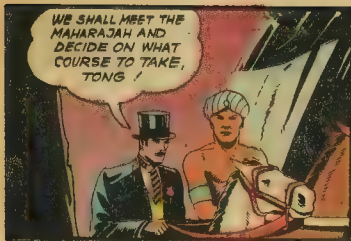
JUDGING THE TIME IS RIPE, ZATARA SENDS WORD TO THE MAHARAJAH OF THE GATHERING OF THE REBELS -



IN CEYLON THE MAHARAJAH YIELDS TO HIS TEMPER -



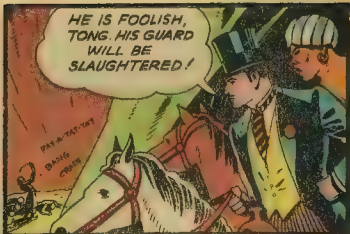




THE REBEL MACHINE GUNS GO INTO ACTION—



HE IS FOOLISH,  
TONG. HIS GUARD  
WILL BE  
SLAUGHTERED!

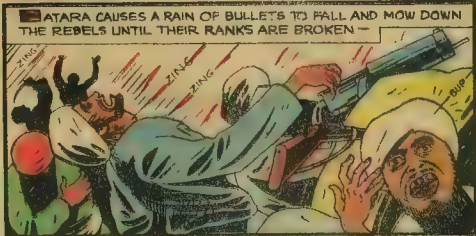


THEY HAVE SLAIN  
MY GUARD! I  
AM HELPLESS!

WE SHALL  
SEE ABOUT  
THAT!



ATARA CAUSES A RAIN OF BULLETS TO FALL AND MOW DOWN  
THE REBELS UNTIL THEIR RANKS ARE BROKEN—



I SHALL FOLLOW THEM TO  
RESCUE THE PRINCE. THEIR  
REVOLT IS ALMOST  
OVER NOW!



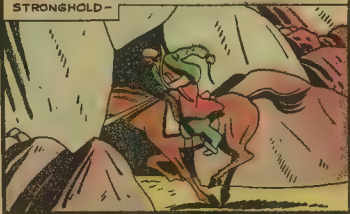
WE'RE  
OFF!



**ZATARA SOON CATCHES UP WITH THE REBEL LEADER—**



**THE REBEL CHIEF ARRIVES AT HIS MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD—**



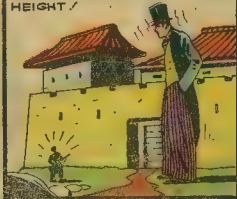
**BUT ZATARA IS AT THE GATE AHEAD OF HIM—**



**CURSE THIS MAGICIAN—**



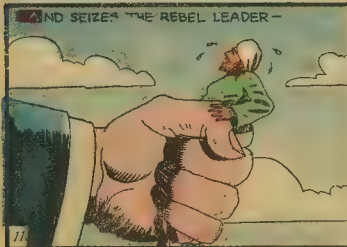
**UNDER THE REBEL'S FASCINATED EYES ZATARA GROWS TO A GREAT HEIGHT—**



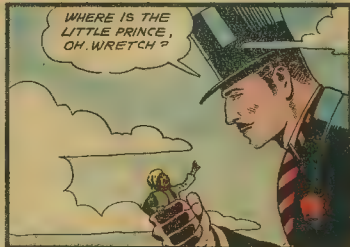
**ZATARA'S HANDS TEAR AT THE REBEL WALL**



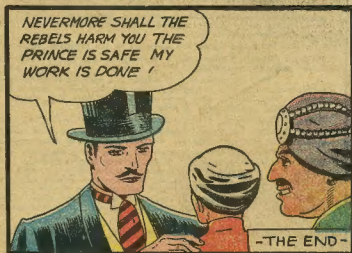
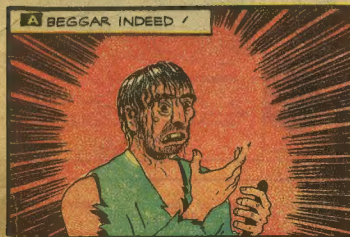
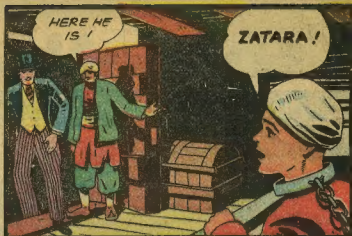
**AND SEIZES THE REBEL LEADER—**



**WHERE IS THE LITTLE PRINCE, OH, WRETCH?**







# SPORTCASTING

... Scrapbook of Sport Stars ...



**FRED APOSTOLI-**

THE HARD PUNCHING  
BELLHOP FROM SAN FRANCISCO  
WHO K.O'D FREDDIE STEELE  
IN A NON-TITLE BOUT -

A FINE BOXER AND SMASHING  
PUNCHER, HE IS CONSIDERED BY  
MANY AS CHAMP OF THE 160-  
POUNDS. HE IS  
ITALIAN-AMERICAN  
AND WAS BORN  
IN 1915 //

ALTHOUGH FRED IS  
BOXING ONLY 3 YEARS  
HE HAS ESTABLISHED  
HIMSELF AS ONE OF  
THE TOP MIDDLEWEIGHTS  
IN THE WORLD -



**JONATHAN ZACHARY**, OF THE YANKEES WON 15  
STRAIGHT IN 1929 FOR A PERFECT SEASON BUT THE  
YANKEES, NOR ANY OTHER AMERICAN LEAGUE TEAM  
HAD ANY USE FOR HIM THE NEXT SEASON SO HE  
WENT TO THE BOSTON BRAVES.

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., Required by the ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, and MARCH 3, 1933.** Of Action Comics Magazine, published monthly at Baltimore Md. for October 1938  
State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Action Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:  
Publisher, Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Editor, V. Sullivan, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

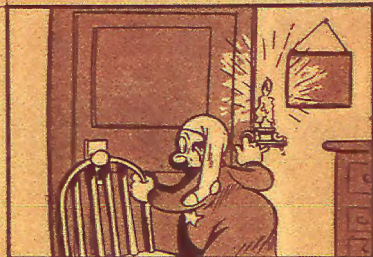
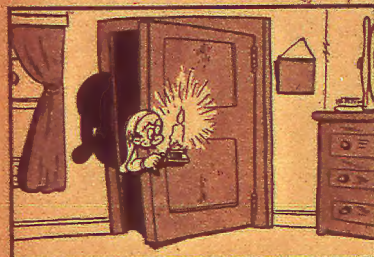
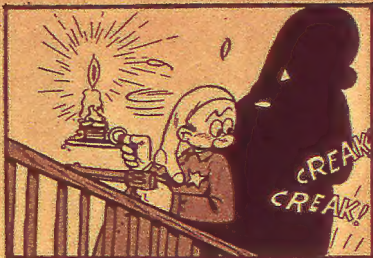
Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Harry Donenfeld, 110 Riverside Drive, New York City.  
3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) J. S. Liebowitz, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1938. (Signed) Alfred B. Yaffe. (My commission expires March 30, 1940.)





Here are the Winners of the Panel Contest that ran in the October issue of ACTION COMICS. A prize of \$1 has been mailed to each of the Winners.

THOMAS MCGUNNIGLE,  
Glen Cove, L. I.

LEONARD LAPIDUS,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROLAND LONGTIN,  
Lewiston, Maine.

HARRIET LEJMAN,  
Chicago, Ill.

JOSEPH NICOLOSI,  
New York City.

HERBERT RICHTER, JR.  
Houston, Texas.

P. W. HILL,  
Helena, Ark.

JOHN T. LEAHY, JR.,  
Pawtucket, R. I.

SIDNEY SHAPIRO,  
New Britain, Conn.

CHARLES BONURA,  
New York City.

HELEN ADAMSKI,  
Bayonne, N. J.

FRANK CROCITTO,  
Yonkers, N. Y.

JOHN WINTERS,  
Cumberland, Md.

JIMMY FABB,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

BRADFORD CLARK,  
Bridgeport, Conn.

ARTHUR YEHLON,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

EUGENE LARSON,  
St. Paul, Minn.

DAN MOLLES,  
Wilmar, Calif.

DONALD PAULSEN,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

WILLIAM HOETZER,  
N. Lawrence, L. I.

ELIZABETH YANOVICH,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

HARRIET FINKELSTEIN,  
Hyannis, Mass.

WILLIAM SOFSAK,  
N. S. Pittsburgh, Penn.

HARRY KURTZBERG,  
Philadelphia, Penn.

BILLY MURPHY,  
San Francisco, Calif.



